TAILOR OF PANAMA

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~~2nd Draft~~
~~4th October 1999~~
3rd 11/15/99

FOR EDUCATIONAL PURPOSES ONLY

FADE IN:

1 EXT. PANAMA CANAL. DAY. 1

In huge close-up, a big tanker noses up to the lock gates.

In the lock house the gleaming brass levers slide across.

The lock itself opens, smoothly. Its secret parts showing, like huge muscles and tendons.

The vast weight of water pressing against the lock seeps, then gushes through.

Above, the packed traffic roars. Smoke, fumes, money. On a bridge above, ANDREW OSNARD broods like a rather louche young hawk. Dark suit, not too well pressed, but carried off with style, a flop of hair, intelligent eyes, mouth all appetite.

He takes a silver flask from an inside pocket and has a quick suck at it. Then looks down again into the dark swirling waters.

2 INT. HARRY'S SHOP. DAY. 2

A private consultation for a new customer. HARRY PENDEL is a tailor, an artist, and a dreamer. His panelled walls bear photographs of the Queen of England and the Duke of Edinburgh, the Panamanian President in cutaway suit, and distinguished customers - we might recognise Sean Connery and Jack Nicholson. At the moment he is fingering an intricate working model of the very lock gates we have just seen.

HARRY
Precision engineering, in the great tradition. Like the tailoring, you might say. A memento from the wife's father - a great American engineer - he restored that lock in 1957, to a standard of perfection. And that's the standard we work to here, sir. The Savile Row standard. The best, bar none. Come over here, sir.

The CUSTOMER is a thick set man with a bald head. He surveys his reflection stoically. Harry takes lengths of cloth, and drapes them over the CUSTOMER'S shoulders. He has the seriousness and intimacy of a priest or a doctor - and warmth with it.Everybody's friend.

3 EXT PANAMA CANAL MUSEUM DAY. 3

A huge elegant building with an imposing flight of steps. OSNARD strolls in, passes maps and photos of the canal, buys a ticket.

4 INT HARRY'S SHOP DAY 4

The CUSTOMER runs his fingers through the swathes of cloth, uncertain, unable to choose. Harry will decide for him.

HARRY
(softly)
The way I see it, we all have a dream of ourselves, that we could be more than we are. Well, Pendel and Braithwaite are here to help you realise that dream. This one, now.

A fine mid-blue cloth.

CUSTOMER
Yes. I guess this is kinda...

HARRY
I thought you'd like that one.
(whispers)
Mr. Connery's choice.

The CUSTOMER's eyes widen in awe.

HARRY
(continuing)
Matter of fact, as soon as you came in, I thought who does he remind me of? And that's it. In the build, too. Golfer's shoulders.

The CUSTOMER begins to preen. The dream is working. At one level Harry's having a bit of fun, getting away with murder. At a deeper level, he's making myth: he really would like all his customers to be heroes.

5 INT PANAMA CANAL MUSEUM DAY 5

OSNARD is watching a documentary on the Canal with a group of tourists. He has seated himself next to an attractive young Panamanian WOMAN. On his other side is an overweight, sweating American MALE.

On the screen is a map of the Isthmus.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: 5

NARRATION
The French were the first to attempt the dream of joining the Atlantic to the Pacific.

A red line appears at Colon on the Atlantic side and, very slowly, advances.

NARRATION (contid)
They tried for a sea-level cut across the Isthmus. It failed. Thousands of workers died of disease. The cost was ruinous. France was bankrupted. The designers were disgraced, some were even sent to jail.

The AMERICAN TOURIST chuckles at the French failure. He knows what's coming. The Young WOMAN on OSNARD'S other side is close to tears. OSNARD gives her a comforting smile.

Two new red lines appear, one at Colon, the other at Panama City, and start to advance towards each other.

NARRATION (contid)
Then Theodore Roosevelt stepped in. This time, under American engineers, the canal would climb mountains and descend again to the sea.

A three dimensional model of the Isthmus shows the red lines climbing through a series of locks and descending again.

NARRATION (contid)
It remains the greatest engineering feat ever attempted. The eighth wonder of the world.

AMERICAN TOURIST
Now we're cookin'.

Early film of the canal under construction. Huge escarpments, elaborate complicated machinery on a vast scale, contrasting with men in bowler hats wielding pick axes.

NARRATION (contid)
Fulfilling a treaty obligation signed by President Carter, The Canal was handed over to Panama at the end of 1999.

Newsreel film of the hand over ceremony. The US delegation shaking hands with the Panamanian President. The Stars and Stripes lowered. The Panamanian flag rises proudly. General Dusenbaker, the last U.S.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (2) 5

Commander of the Canal, salutes the flag and sheds unashamed tears. This is not the last we shall see of him.

OSNARD watches languidly.

AMERICAN TOURIST
Major error.

The PANAMANIAN GIRL is glowing with pride. She flashes the AMERICAN an angry look. OSNARD takes her hand reassuringly.

OSNARD
(in Spanish)
He is a fool. Would you care for some refreshment?

He is charming. She is willing.

6 INT. HARRY'S SHOP. DAY. 6

HARRY in shirtsleeves and waistcoat, measuring tape draped over his shoulders. He is about to start cutting out a new suit. The rich cloth, the chalk line a mere indication. He picks up his shears. Pauses a second, as if in prayer or dedication. He hits the play button on his tape machine. Bach, organ.

A glimpse here perhaps of Harry's backroom BOYS and GIRLS, and their amazing ethnic variety: the Kuna Indian buttonhole makers, the mulatto waistcoat LADY, the Chinese TROUSERMAKER, the three African-Panamanian LADIES who alter and iron. Perhaps they have a tame macaw, or a pair of marmosets who share their lives and their sandwiches. All, it seems, are in thrall to Harry's music.

MARTA, Harry's manageress, stands by like an acolyte or nurse. Small, dark, intense - and the side of her face that we can see is beautiful. Two of Harry's ASSISTANTS, sitting cross-legged in the traditional style, pause too in their hand-sewing, their needles suspended in the air.

Then HARRY cuts, with the firmness and accuracy of a surgeon. The crunch of the scissors in the silence - then the joyful music of the organ again. HARRY smiles, the sewing tailors carry on with their work.

HARRY
How about that, Uncle Benny?

He genuflects in the direction of Portrait on the wall, a benign but imposing figure. HARRY replies to himself, imitating the London cockney tones of his dead uncle.

6 CONTINUED: 6

HARRY CONT'D
You've got the fluence, Harry boy. I always said it, and you have. You're the outright best tailor in the world, bar none.
(then in his own voice, a self-deprecating shake of the head)
Steady on, Uncle Benny. Steady on.

As MARTA goes back to her desk. she enters the "clubroom", a space with comfortable armchairs where favoured CUSTOMERS while away their time. Three of them sitting, and an ARMY COLONEL standing admiring his new dress jacket in the tall mirror. RAFI DOMINGO, fifty five, handsome, sleazy is regaling them with his sexual exploits. We catch a fragment:

DOMINGO
...then she climbed on top and I was so hard I could spin her like a top. You know how old I am?

TEDDY the BEAR, hands folded over his plump stomach, cruel little eyes alert, smiles to himself.

TEDDY
Nice. I'll use it in my column.

DOMINGO
You can't print that.

TEDDY
Sure. 'Rafi Domingo, the shipping magnate has been flat on his back this week. He's having a hard time. His attractive secretary has been working at his bedside'. My readers will get it.

MARTA pauses. MICKIE ABRAXAS is lounging in one of the chairs. A huge man, still in his thirties, a battered-looking face. He might be an ex-boxer. He watches TEDDY and DOMINGO with undisguised disdain. MARTA lets her hand rest on his shoulder, affectionately. Her smile calms him. He shrugs.

TEDDY'S alert cruel gaze. MARTA detaches and moves to her tall desk by the window, starts going through bills and invoices. Now we can see that though one side of her face is beautiful, the other side is disfigured, as though from a car crash. Something makes her look out of the window. There is OSNARD on the other side of the road.

7 EXT. HARRY'S SHOP. DAY. 7

OSNARD lounging across the street. His view of the elegant and traditional shop front. "PENDEL AND BRAITHWAITE, TAILORS" and in smaller letters "Savile Row, London, and Panama City." OSNARD sees MARTA looking, winks, and strolls off.

8 EXT. HARRY'S HOUSE. EVENING. 8

A house on a hill in a nice part of town. A brutal high-rise overlooks it. A view of the city below. Two CHILDREN and LOUISA, HARRY'S wife, are playing basket ball on the lawn. Louisa is rangy, athletic. She springs to take a catch one handed.

A little way up the street, OSNARD watches. He takes in the exotic gardens, the razor barbed-wire on the fences, windows fortified with decorative wrought iron, the fortress mentality of the well-off.He stands in the open, making no attempt to conceal himself. He pulls a monocular from his pocket and puts it to his eye.

Through its magnification he examines LOUISA's body, moving from her legs, hovering at her breasts, and lingering on her neck and face.

The image is wiped out by the arrival of Harry's four-track. OSNARD's probing lens follows HARRY as he gets out of the car, grinning, slipping his jacket off, to join in the game. The little girl, SARAH, runs to hug him briefly, they're all happy to see him. HARRY grabs the ball aims at the basket, misses. MARK gets it, feints, passes his father. HARRY does a despairing prat fall. His presence rapidly transforms the game from serious to farce.

LOUISA laughs, but something makes her look up. She frowns as she sees OSNARD watching, his face obscured by the device. She taps HARRY's shoulder and points up the street.

What Harry sees is OSNARD's back as he saunters away, an image of casual insouciance.

FADE

8A EXT HARRY'S HOUSE MORNING 8A

OSNARD, in his parked car, watches LOUISA packing the children into HARRY'S four-track. She waves them off then gets into her modest car.

9 EXT. PANAMA. CITY STREETS. DAY. 9

Osnard is following HARRY as he drives the kids to school, MARK beside him, SARAH silent in the back. Almost gridlock in the rush hour. A garish Jesus painted on the side of a bus blesses the commuters. PEDLARS and BEGGARS offer flowers, hold up tragically deformed CHILDREN. His driver's window open, HARRY has a word or a coin for almost all of them. He speaks a mix of Spanish and submerged cockney. We catch fragments.

HARRY
Here we go, Pablo - como esta usted, Juan? How's the old lady? - not you, George, you had yours yesterday -

He pulls up at SARAH's school, opens the door for her to get out. He fusses with her straw boater. The school is the Maria Imaculada. Roman Catholic teaching NUNS receive the GIRLS.

SARAH
(a bold, lucid child's statement of policy)
I HAVE HAD IT UP TO HERE WITH SAINT PAUL.

She stomps off to join her friends.

In a car parked behind them, OSNARD looks bored as he observes these domestic arrangements.

9A EXT CANAL COMMISSION DAY 9A

Clutching her fat brief case, LOUISA enters the massive building, a monument to the US Army's belief in the perpetuity of its rule. She greets her fellow workers, all Panamanian now.

9B EXT ALBERT EINSTEIN SCHOOL DAY 9B

HARRY re-enters the traffic and drives helter-skelter to another school, the Albert Einstein Institute for Boys. Orthodox Jewish PARENTS unload their KIDS.

HARRY
(as Mark vanishes)
Shalom.

9C INT CANAL COMMISSION DAY 9C

On her way to her office, LOUISA passes the heroic murals in the rotunda representing the building of the canal.

(CONTINUED)

9C CONTINUED: 9C

She falls in step with her boss, ERNESTO DELGADO, the Canal Commissioner. A brief nod of greeting then it is down to business.

9D EXT BANK DAY 9D

HARRY is approaching a great modern bank, a glass phallus, reflecting the blinding tropical sun. As he turns into the forecourt, OSNARD takes in the name of the bank then continues with the traffic along the main road.

10 EXT. BANK. DAY. 10

HARRY gets out of the car, a GUY in uniform comes to valet park it, HARRY walks to the entrance which is guarded by a SECURITY GUARD with a fearsome-looking pump-action shotgun. He looks Harry over, reads the body language, recognises a supplicant.

HARRY
Luis, how are we today?

The GUARD nods and offers a faintly contemptuous smile.

11 INT. BANK. RAMON RUDD'S OFFICE. DAY. 11

A gorgeous black SECRETARY in a prim powder-blue uniform shows HARRY in and leaves him with RAMON. The office is very large indeed, with a huge desk, and RAMON is clinging to it like a very small rat clinging to a very large raft. As HARRY approaches, RAMON rises and spreads his arms wide.

RAMON
You see?

HARRY
Turn around.

RAMON does. HARRY touches his jacket here and there, with expert fingers, like a healer.

HARRY
(continuing)
It's only a tad, Ramon, if it's anything at all. But drop round to the shop any time, we can ease it a little.

RAMON
OK.

A flash of Ramon in his underwear.

11 CONTINUED: 11

RAMON goes behind his desk and sits down again - now the roles are reversed. He's the priest and Harry is the penitent.

RAMON
(continuing)
So what are we going to do about the overdraft, Harry?

HARRY
(spreads his hands)
You tell me, Ramon.

RAMON
You have to think about selling the rice farm, Harry.

Does RAMON catch the flash of panic before HARRY conceals it behind a wide grin and outstretched arms?

HARRY
Sell it? It's a gold mine, Ramon.

Flash Cut: ANGELO, HARRY'S manager lounging, smoking, surveying the parched rice paddies. He is unperturbed by a WORKER who staggers drunkenly past clutching a bottle.

HARRY CONT'D (VO)
Angelo's turning it around. He's a good man, Ramon. Dedicated.

RAMON
I hear you got a water problem.

HARRY
Did have, Ramon, did have. Put that right. Now it flows like..like...

RAMON
..Water?

HARRY
Exactly, Ramon.

Flash of HARRY and ANGELO at the water sluice of the rice farm. Harry looks despairingly at the trickle of water. ANGELO smiles, shrugs.

RAMON
Maybe you should never have bought it, eh?

11 CONTINUED: (2) 11

HARRY
On your advice, Ramon. Fair's fair.

RAMON looks aside with an expression, maybe a sound, of disapproval, as if Harry's remark was in very bad taste.

He rises.

RAMON
The bank will wish to see a substantial reduction of the outstanding sum by the end of next month. Otherwise, we'll have to call it in.

HARRY
What, the whole lot?

This is terrible news.

RAMON
But of course the whole lot. You're my friend, I hate to do this, but my hands are tied. What can I say?

HARRY
What am I going to tell Louisa? I bought it with her money.

The thought of trying to tell her makes him go pale.

RAMON
(smiling)
You're the storyteller, Harry.

Pause, as HARRY stares into the abyss.

RAMON
(continuing)
I've been thinking about a blazer suit.

HARRY
A what?

He's in shock.

RAMON
Very dark navy. Double breasted jacket. Silver buttons, with little anchors. Pants to match.

HARRY
(still in shock)
Excellent choice, Ramon.

12 EXT THE BANK DAY 12

RAIN lashes down like a vengeful god on HARRY who is helped brusquely into his car by the GUARD who hogs the umbrella himself. He can smell a loser.

13 EXT. PANAMA CITY STREETS. DAY. 13

Cocooned in his four-track, HARRY looks out bleakly. The amazing rain is another country: huge, dense, vertical jets that make rivers of the streets and cause the drain covers to skim around like pucks.

13A EXT HARRY'S SHOP DAY 13A

HARRY'S car pulls in to its parking space. Through the windscreen, his face distorted by the remorseless rain, HARRY considers his fate. He addresses the empty seat beside him.

HARRY
How did I do, Uncle Benny?

His long dead UNCLE BENNY appears. Seen through the rain-lashed glass, he looks ephemeral.

BENNY
Fair to middling, Harry. You said his name over and over, like I always told you. You saw how he went soft at the sound of it, but there's a stony heart beating in that breast, my beamish boy.

Stirring himself, HARRY leaps from his car to the front door which MARTA holds open for him.

14 INT. HARRY'S SHOP. DAY. 14

MARTA
Somebody to see you.

Her voice is soft and beautiful; she has a Spanish accent.

HARRY
Who?

MARTA
New customer. He says.

Her look is disapproving. HARRY is startled to see OSNARD seated in his own leather armchair.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: 14

OSNARD
(not getting up)
Hi. Name's Osnard. I phoned.

He has the confidence and diction of an upper-class Englishman.

HARRY comes forward.

HARRY
Mr. Osnard. Harry Pendel. Very happy to meet you sir.

They shake hands, OSNARD still seated.

OSNARD
(continuing)
No offence, but I was hoping I'd see Mr. Braithwaite.

HARRY
Ah. No chance of that, I'm very sorry to say, sir. My late partner has been dead and gone these many years.

He gestures respectfully to the portrait. It shows an elderly gentleman, measuring tape in hand, the same portrait HARRY earlier referred to as 'Uncle Benny'.

HARRY
(continuing)
...though his exacting standards are very much alive and well, I'm pleased to say.

OSNARD
Glad to hear that. He dressed my father, you know. Back in his Savile Row days.

This gives HARRY a bit of a jolt, for reasons to be discovered. But he recovers superbly.

HARRY
Well, I never, sir. Now that's a first, I don't mind admitting. Father to son, Savile Row to Panama City. You hear that, Marta?

MARTA looks up. She's wary of OSNARD. She looks down again.

OSNARD
Thought you'd be surprised.

HARRY
Surprised, sir, and delighted. Marta - put Mr. Osnard down as an old customer - Arthur Braithwaite made for his father! Now, if you'd care to come this way, Mr. Osnard...

Up a mahogany curved staircase, only a few steps, to the "clubroom"; four to six comfortable armchairs, various haberdashery, mirrors. As they go, both speaking softly:

OSNARD
Hell happened to her?

HARRY shakes his head, purses his lips, wags a finger. It is not to be spoken of.

OSNARD
In the bad old days, would that be? Noriega's time? Rough justice meted out?

HARRY tenses. How could OSNARD know about MARTA?

HARRY
Now, if you'd take a seat, sir? We like to call this the clubroom...a good few of our gentlemen spend time here in the lunch hour and at the end of the day...

OSNARD
And why not?

He takes one of the chairs. HARRY gets out a couple of sample books and slides them on to the low circular polished table.

HARRY
So, ah, what did you have in mind exactly?

OSNARD
Oh... thought I'd start off with a couple of lounge suits, see how they go. After that, well... the full Monty, as old Braithwaite used to say.

HARRY
I see. Very good, sir.

He's elated - this looks like a big order - but wary too. OSNARD understands.

OSNARD
Pity the expression's been hijacked.
Means quite the other thing these days.

HARRY
So they tell me, sir.

OSNARD
Bollock naked, in fact.

HARRY
Quite so, sir.

OSNARD
Money's no problem.

HARRY
Ah.

That usually means drugs. HARRY is wary. OSNARD picks it up. He looks up, steady, relaxed, very calm.

OSNARD
No. Not in cocaine, unfortunately.

This is a bit rattling too. HARRY takes refuge in the reliable certainties of cloth.

HARRY
Take a look at these, see what takes your fancy. They're all the right weight for this diabolical climate... seven or eight ounces of nicely breathing finest worsted, that's about all a man could or should put up with...

As OSNARD runs his fingers over cloth samples:

OSNARD
How about this one? Alpaca, am I right?

HARRY
Very good, sir! And exactly what I should have picked for you myself.

OSNARD
Given that money's no object, yeah.

HARRY has an uneasy sense that he's being taunted.

OSNARD
(continuing)
So. What's next?

HARRY
Vital statistics, sir, if you'd care to step this way.

HARRY leads the way to his fitting room which is simply a space curtained off. He draws the curtain. The space is suddenly very intimate.

HARRY
(continuing)
If you'd just slip your jacket off, sir...? Thank you.

He folds it respectfully, puts it down, reaches for his tape measure.

OSNARD
(softly)
You were Noriega's tailor, weren't you In his time?

HARRY
I'm sorry sir, is that a problem?

OSNARD
Not necessarily. Smelly little bugger, was he?

HARRY is scared now - but what should he be scared of?

HARRY
Perhaps I ought to clarify, sir - you see, Pendel and Braithwaite are the leading bespoke tailors in Panama - everyone who has an appreciation for excellence, and can afford it, comes to us - all right, maybe some of our clients are in, well, less orthodox professions, but this is Panama, sir - what's an honest man to do?

OSNARD
What indeed?

HARRY
If I may, sir...

He's taking the chest measurement.

HARRY CONT'D
(making a note)
Forty two...and the waist...

OSNARD
What's the damage?

HARRY has learnt to be diplomatic about these things.

HARRY
Let's say a very creditable thirty-two plus.

OSNARD
Plus what?

HARRY
Plus lunch, put it that way, sir...

OSNARD
(a short dry laugh)
Very good. Ever miss it? The old country? Savile Row?

HARRY
(feeling himself on safer ground)
Ah, the Row! Well, now, I do and I don't. There's nothing to beat it, of course, but when I was there, I always felt very much in old Arthur Braithwaite's shadow. Though it was Arthur Braithwaite who encouraged me to spread my wings.

OSNARD
He was a good old boy, Arthur, was he?

HARRY
One of the old school, sir. Now if I might, ah...

He stoops to take the outside and then the inside leg measurement.

HARRY (cont'd)
(writing)
Very good, sir.

Now for the inside leg.

HARRY(cont'd)
And we dress right - or left? Most of my gentlemen favour left these days - don't <u>think</u> it's political!

OSNARD
What? Never know where the bloody thing is - bobs about like a wind sock.

HARRY cautiously slides the brass end of the tape into OSNARD's groin, stretching the other end to his heel.

OSNARD
You were saying.

HARRY
Saying, sir?

OSNARD
Braithwaite. Telling you to spread your wings.

HARRY seizes this chance to cover any potential embarrassment.

HARRY
Ah, yes, of course. Remember it like yesterday. I was cutting a nice muted check hacking jacket for Lord Brabourne, finest mohair with a dash of cashmere and I looked up and there he was watching me from the doorway. Arthur Braithwaite, that is, not his lordship. Big man, he was - people forget that about him - big bald head, big eyebrows - he was imposing. He had a presence - it's hard to put it into words -

OSNARD
You've forgotten his moustache.

HARRY
Moustache?

OSNARD
Bloody great bushy job, soup all over it.

HARRY is very tense again.

HARRY
There was no moustache in my day, Mr. Osnard.

OSNARD
I can see it now. Bright brown.

HARRY's face crumples. He calls out.

14 CONTINUED: (7) 14

HARRY
Uncle Benny!

BENNY
(appearing behind Osnard)
I think we're being rumbled, Harry boy. Admit nothing. Deny all.

HARRY straightens and looks OSNARD in the eye.

HARRY
I think your memory is playing tricks with you, sir - you're remembering a different gentleman and awarding his moustache to Arthur Braithwaite.

Pause. OSNARD smiles.

OSNARD
Go on then.

HARRY feels he may be plunging into dangerous territory but what is there to do but go on and give it all he's got?

HARRY
"Harry", he says. He always called me Harry. "I think you've earned your spurs. How would you feel about taking the Braithwaite name and tradition to the New World? I'm talking about a full partnership, Harry." I don't mind telling you there were tears in my eyes, sir.

OSNARD
Fabulous. You've practically got tears in mine.

HARRY
Thank you, sir.

OSNARD
I've never heard such a load of bullshit in my life.

HARRY stares at him, his world fallen apart. OSNARD puts his arm round Harry's shoulder and leads him out.

OSNARD
(continuing)
Come and sit down, Harry. It's all right, I'm your fairy godmother.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (8) 14

OSNARD (contid)
Thing is: I know who you are. More accurately, I know who you aren't.

HARRY
I don't know what you're talking about.

OSNARD
All right, Harry, relax. Because I know. You're 906017 Pendel, six years for arson, served two and a half, learnt your tailoring in gaol. Insurance scam, wasn't it? You set fire to a warehouse as a favour to your Uncle Benny and they caught you with the matches in your hand. You've never been within miles of Savile Row, and Arthur Braithwaite is your late Uncle Benny raised from the dead, born again and given a size nine halo.

He jabs a finger up at the portrait of Braithwaite/Benny.

OSNARD
When you'd served your time you did a runner to Panama with your Uncle Benny's help, built up a fine business, well-respected man, but you owe the bank a hundred and fifty thousand, thanks to that rice farm. And you've put in the shop and the house as collateral. Not wise, Harry. Not wise at all. I can practically hear the creditors banging on the door.

HARRY
Who are you?

OSNARD
I told you, Harry. I'm your fairy godmother. I'm Andy Osnard, new boy at the British Embassy, finding my way around town. Strictly between you and me, I'm a spy.

HARRY opens his mouth to speak, but fails.

OSNARD (cont'd)
That's right. I'm MI6's man in Panama.
(he grins)
It's dark and lonely work - like oral sex - but someone has to do it, Harry. I'm opening up a little network here. Keep an eye on the Canal.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (9) 14

HARRY is shaping up to OSNARD. Not for nothing his days as a street-kid and jailbird. His shoulders have dropped and his hands have curled ominously at his sides.

HARRY
So what's that got to do with me, Mr. Osnard? What gives you the right to come barging into my shop and sandbag me with my past after I've paid my debt to society?

OSNARD
Cool down, Harry. I'm bonus.

HARRY
What do you want?

OSNARD
Your memory. Your rock of eye. Isn't that the tailoring expression? Things you know and don't even know you know. Highest prices paid.

HARRY
Get out. Now. Off.

OSNARD is unmoved.

OSNARD
Don't be a cunt, Harry. We're made for each other. You've got the debts, I've got the money. Where's your patriotism gone?

HARRY
I had it out. In prison. Without an anaesthetic.

OSNARD puts his hand in an inside pocket - HARRY stiffens - but it comes out with a bulging brown envelope.

OSNARD (cont'd)
There's five grand in there - say it's on account for the suits, call it entertainment expenses, anything you like, really. I want us to get on together, Harry. Go on.

He proffers it but HARRY stands there, limp, inert. OSNARD stuffs the envelope into HARRY's pocket. HARRY lets it happen, a passive rape victim.

15 INT.CANAL COMMISSION LOUISA'S OFFICE. DAY. 15

LOUISA has her own big desk - she's more than just a secretary and there are two other younger black women working to her, one of them showing her a series of papers.

LOUISA
Yes - yes - yes - that one he'd better see...

Phone rings - the second WOMAN mouths to LOUISA "Meester Pendel" and Louisa picks up.

LOUISA
(continuing)
Sorry - Harry? What is it? No, that's fine, if you feel you have to...why not bring him home? (pause) Is something wrong, Harry? (pause) Just something in your voice.
(pause, then laughing)
He called it a windsock? ... No, no, it's fine. I've got homework anyway. I'll see you when I see you. Me too.

ERNESTO DELGADO appears in his doorway. Thin, driven, clever, not flashy.

ERNESTO
Louisa, do you have a moment?

LOUISA
Right there.
(to phone)
I gotta go. Bye.

She makes a brief kiss noise, puts the phone down and moves quickly towards ERNESTO. In that little scene we feel her affection and easiness for HARRY, and her pleasure in her work.

16 EXT. UNION CLUB. PANAMA CITY. NIGHT. 16

HARRY drives up to the plushy entrance. Awning, ropes, red carpet. Chauffeur-driven Mercedes limos and dude four-tracks with the spoilt CHILDREN of the rich spilling out of the cars and up the stairs. Big impassive HEAVIES guard the entrance. HARRY gives a five dollar bill to the car JOCKEY who leaps into the driving seat. They go up the steps.

HEAVY
Evening, Meester Pendel.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: 16

And smiles warmly on OSNARD, who smiles back. HARRY is uneasy.

OSNARD
Must have cost an arm and a leg to get in here.

HARRY
Had to be done.

OSNARD
The front is everything, right?

HARRY stops. He needs to make it clear he is different from these rich crooks and whores.

HARRY
No, it isn't. It's what's in the heart that matters...but the front is what they value here.

OSNARD puts him arm around Harry's shoulders.

OSNARD
Harry, if I didn't know your heart was in the right place, I'd never have picked you.

HARRY looks at him sharply. Still smarting from being found out, he's not ready for this kind of intimicy.

17 INT. BAR. UNION CLUB. NIGHT. 17

It's full, it's plushy, it's noisy - Panamanian MEN are very smart dressers (many courtesy of Pendel and Braithwaite of course) - some with their WIVES, some with their young MISTRESSES - HARRY and OSNARD move through the throng - it's a very Friday night atmosphere. A TRIO plays a cool rhumba. The dance floor is crowded.A banker in his forties, JUAN-DAVID, turns from chatting to two stunning GIRLS -

JUAN-DAVID
Hey! Harry!

HARRY
Luis! Looking great!

JUAN-DAVID
Yeah, but what about the blazer?

HARRY
Come by on Tuesday, it'll be ready to try on!

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: 17

All this on the move, OSNARD smiling pleasantly, making good eye contact with the girls, the new Englishman causing a bit of interest...

HARRY
(continuing; as they pass through to a quieter part)
Blazers, they all want blazers...

OSNARD
You dress <u>everyone</u> here, Harry?

HARRY
Just about, Andy, just about.

As they sit down in a quiet corner:

OSNARD
So who are they? Who gets to join?

HARRY
Basically it's the thirty ruling families, their lawyers, and their bankers.

OSNARD
And their tailors, I take it.

HARRY ignores the jibe. He signals grandly to a WAITER. He is on his own turf here. He is warming to the task.

HARRY
When the Americans took out Noriego, someone said, 'They got Ali Baba but they missed the forty thieves.' Well, here they are.

OSNARD laughs. HARRY is starting to enjoy making an impression. They order, OSNARD lights a cigarette.

OSNARD
So fill me in.

We tour the room, Pendel's voice guiding us.

HARRY (cont'd)
Now let's see who we have tonight. Mr. Ahmed, sir, salaams to you! Abdul!
(aside to Osnard)
Fawad brothers, Lebanese. Very big in the Free Zone of Colon.

17 CONTINUED:- (2) 17

OSNARD
More.

HARRY
General traders.

OSNARD
How general?

HARRY
Lebanese hash, smuggled precious stones from Columbia, illegal rainforest timber from Brazil. Look who's back among us after a small period of purdah! His holiness the supreme court judge himself! Restored to his former glory.

OSNARD
I need a map reference.

HARRY
Corner table right. Escorted by a very nice representative of the female gender. Nobody ever loses their reputation in Panama. They hang it in the wardrobe for a few months to get its shape back, and when they put it on again it's good as new.

The JUDGE is distinguished looking, in a near-black suit and silver tie. The young woman is all curves, bare flesh and diamonds. Passers-by greet them with respect.

HARRY (cont'd)
All charges dropped.

OSNARD
What charges?

HARRY
Bribery - taking <u>and</u> receiving... conspiracy to murder, all in connection with his brother's import-export business.

OSNARD
Keep going.

HARRY
On the dance floor, Rafi Domingo. Shipping. Launders drug money through his chain of hotels.

17 CONTINUED: (3) 17

RAFI DOMINGO is very handsome in a sleazy way, fifties, dancing with a stunning BEAUTY.

OSNARD eyes Rafi's GIRL.

OSNARD
I could fuck her, very easily. Wouldn't be any pain at all.

HARRY
A lot have, Andy. A lot wish they had who haven't. And one or two have who wish they hadn't.

OSNARD
Who are those charmers just come in?

HARRY
Government ministers, Andy, and the money boys that own them. Two tables down, that's a bunch of gentlemen from the loyal Opposition, they come a little cheaper, naturally. Welcome to Panama. A Casablanca without heroes.

OSNARD
You are pure gold, Harry.

HARRY
I'm just a tailor, Andy.

OSNARD
That's right, Harry. We call it natural cover.

The sound of a table smashing over at the far end of the room. MICKIE ABRAXAS, very drunk, in a magenta smoking jacket, is lumbering towards them, bumping tables and dislodging drinks as he goes, occasioning angry cries, which he ignores.

HARRY
Mickie! Mickie Abraxas, come and meet Andy Osnard!

But MICKIE wants to show off his new jacket. He spreads his arms, twirls precariously, almost falls...

MICKIE
So what do you think? You like it? You proud of it?

17 CONTINUED: (4) 17

HARRY
Mickie, it's beautiful. But I think maybe you should sit down.

MICKIE
A man should stand on his feet, Harry.

He includes the whole room now:

MICKIE
(continuing)
"De pie, o muerto", eh! Anyone remember that?

He's being very loud. People are annoyed, but used to him.

OSNARD
(dead calm)
Nunca de rodillas, isn't that the next bit?

MICKIE
Never on our knees, right! Or on our asses! Ha! So who the fuck are you, my friend?

OSNARD
Name's Osnard. Andy Osnard.

HARRY
Andy's at the British Embassy. Mickie's a genuine hero. He's one of the few who had the guts to stand up against we-know-who. Mickie will you please sit down? People are staring.

MICKIE
You think I give a fuck about these fucks? They're the fucks who kept that fuck Noriega in power. Ok! Mr. Andy, right? You know what I'd do if I was President of Panama? I'd kill every fuck in this room!

The bar has quietened now - MICKIE is talking to the whole room.

MICKIE
(continuing)
Look at us! We got everything God needed to make paradise! And what do we do? We sell each other and we sell our country! Sell it all away.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (5) 17

MICKIE (contid)
All they care about is get a little something going for themselves. Look at these people, wise guys, wise guys...stupid guys! You sold your souls and you don't know it!

Two large security MEN with identity tags are making their way purposefully towards MICKIE.

HARRY
Mickie, I think we should go and get a breath of air.

OSNARD
Maybe we all should.

He's at MICKIE's elbow now.

MICKIE
Get away from me.

He shakes OSNARD's arm off his elbow.

OSNARD
Okay, okay....

HARRY takes charge.

HARRY
(fierce and quiet to Mickie)
Mickie if you make any more trouble I'll never cut another suit for you.

MICKIE looks startled. The Security men are here now. HARRY speaks to them in Spanish.

HARRY
(continuing; in Spanish)
We're all fine thank you gentlemen - Mr. Abraxas is leaving with us.

HARRY leads MICKIE gently through the bar, OSNARD following - it's quiet as they go, then the noise starts up in the bar as they reach the lobby.

18 INT. UNION CLUB. LOBBY. NIGHT. 18

HARRY
OK Mickie, you better come with us.
(to Osnard)
Sorry. He's an old friend, you know?

OSNARD
Sure. Whatever.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: 18

Just as they're about to go out, a little party of important PEOPLE come through on their way in: we recognise ERNESTO DELGADO, two other important looking PANAMANIANS, and two Japanese MEN. They are swept through with much deference by the staff.

HARRY
Mr. Delgado, good evening, how are you?

ERNESTO turns, preoccupied, but gives HARRY a smile and a wave, all on the move.

ERNESTO
Harry - good to see you.

OSNARD
Your wife's boss? The Canal Commissioner? Is he as squeaky clean as they say?

HARRY
(significantly)
Some people say he has his own agenda.

But he's past, on his way to the private dining room.

19 EXT. CASCO VIEJO, PANAMA CITY /INT. CAR. NIGHT. 19

The streets of the Old City are teeming with light and life, dingy decayed splendour, crumbling walls, precarious balconies. HARRY is driving, OSNARD is in the front seat, MICKIE in the back. MICKIE sings softly, a patriotic rebel song. He has a beautiful tenor voice. There is a purity, an innocence about it that brings tears to HARRY's eyes. OSNARD finds this distastefully sentimental.

HARRY edges the car through the heavy traffic. OSNARD watches the pretty whores in doorways with an appraising eye.

20 EXT MICKIE'S APARTMENT NIGHT 20

HARRY pulls over and gets out. He opens the back door, reaches in and heaves Mickie out of the car.

MICKIE
(drowsily)
You're a good man, Harry. Only good men left in Panama City. You and me. That's all, Harry. You and me.

He lurches to OSNARD's window and presses his face to the glass. He thumps his chest.

20 CONTINUED: 20

MICKIE
We have heart, Mr Cool. Heart.

HARRY guides him to his doorway.

HARRY
I'll help you up the stairs.

He shrugs HARRY off and, mustering his dignity, lurches into his doorway.

MICKIE
De pie, o muerto!

21 INT CAR CASCO VIEJO PANAMA CITY NIGHT 21

HARRY pulls back into the traffic.

OSNARD
(continuing)
So what's the story with him?

HARRY
Mickie? He was my first customer. He was the best-looking man in Panama. A god. Till Noriego had him thrown into prison to shut him up.

OSNARD
Didn't bloody work, did it?

He sounds as if he wishes it had. HARRY picks this up and feels hurt on MICKIE's behalf.

HARRY
There's more to Mickie Abraxas than meets the eye, Andy.

OSNARD
I'm sure there is. But my people don't want to hear about the glorious past exploits of some shagged out old wino. They want the real stuff. Today's men. Tomorrow's. Not yesterday's. We're not a fucking charity for losers, Harry. I hope I haven't made a mistake with you.

It's a crucial moment. Harry's financial future is in the balance, and so, somehow is his homerta. He wants OSNARD's respect, for MICKIE and for himself. Time for some masterly tailoring.

22 EXT/INT CAR COAST ROAD NIGHT 22

They pull out of the decay of the old city and on to the Avenida Balboa. They speed towards the cluster of high-rises at the other end of the bay that speak of the New Panama.

HARRY
(In a low confiding voice)
I said there's more to him than meets the eye.

OSNARD
So?

HARRY
What if I told you he's still at it?

OSNARD
At what exactly?

HARRY
He's still in there. The Silent Opposition.

OSNARD
The Silent Opposition?

Harry drops his voice to a whisper.

HARRY
He's in touch with the ordinary decent people. Deprived people. People who are tired of the corruption and greed.
(He points ahead at the luxury high-rises)
Know what the poor call those? The Cocaine Towers. And our eightyfive banks? The Laundrettes.

OSNARD
(impressed despite himself)
Now you're talking. Can we buy him?

HARRY
Never.
(an idea springs unbidden to his mind)
But he might allow you to contribute to the cause.

OSNARD
(cynical)
You can't buy him, but you can rent him.

23 EXT. HARRY'S HOUSE. NIGHT. 23

The house is dark as HARRY quietly slides his car into the drive. He switches off the engine. He's started on something momentous, perhaps something terrible.

HARRY
Oh, Benny. It's my curse. I fill up. I can't stop. I get the wind in my ears.

BENNY appears in the passenger seat.

BENNY
You have the fluence, Harry, in full flow, and the rock of eye. It's a curse as well as a blessing.

24 INT. HARRY'S HOUSE. NIGHT. 24

HARRY comes in and closes the door very quietly. He tiptoes to the kids' room. Goes in. They are sleeping. SARAH on her back, one hand flung back behind her head, looks particularly innocent and vulnerable.

HARRY
It'll be okay. Everything's going to be okay.

He goes into the bedroom. Starts taking his clothes off. LOUISA stirs sleepily.

LOUISA
(sleepily)
Hi. How was it?

HARRY
Oh. Fine. I think.

It's not. He stands there looking comic in his underwear. It makes her smile. She turns over and draws back the covers. There's enough light to see that she is naked.

LOUISA
Come on, you. Get in here.

25 EXT. BRITISH EMBASSY. PANAMA. DAY 25

A uniformed GATEKEEPER examines OSNARD's pass and the gates swing open for him to drive through. The Embassy is a handsome colonial building with lawns and sprinklers. As OSNARD gets out of his car, FRANCESCA DEANE is entering the building. FRANCESCA is very beautiful.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: 25

Fucking hell, thinks Osnard. FRANCESCA is used to having that effect, smiles slightly without acknowledging him.

26 INT. BRITISH EMBASSY. MALTBY'S ROOM. DAY. 26

MALTBY, the Ambassador, a scholarly-looking, clever, dissatisfied man in his late forties. STORMONT, Political Officer, also stalled in his career, a sensitive man. FRANCESCA is in her late twenties and destined for better postings. They are all sipping coffee as OSNARD is shown in. He takes in the imperial splendour of the room, allows himself a small mocking smile at the absurdity of it. MALTBY catches the look, bristles slightly as he rises from his ornate desk. The other two stand up as the Ambassador makes the introductions.

MALTBY
Andrew Osnard: Nigel Stormont, Francesca Deane...

FRANCESCA
Hello.

She's cool but friendly.

MALTBY
Welcome to Panama.

OSNARD
Thank you, Ambassador.

His deferential courtesy somehow a bit of a joke at the same time. He's not in the least awed by MALTBY,

MALTBY
I, ah, gather, you've been having a look round already, quite extensively.

OSNARD
Yes indeed. Great spot. Right up my street.

MALTBY
And how should we describe your street, Andrew, to the curious?

OSNARD
I usually say I'm in Information Technology.

FRANCESCA
Oh. You're one of them. A Friend.

OSNARD
That's right. I'm a Friend.

MALTBY
(to Francesca, dotingly)
Oh, my dear, but it's a huge secret! Or it was, till Osnard blabbed it. Even I am barely allowed to know.

FRANCESCA eyes OSNARD. She's used to men setting out to make an impression, putting themselves out to be liked. But OSNARD doesn't seem to care.

FRANCESCA
Coffee?

OSNARD
Thanks.

She indicates the silver coffee pot on a tray on MALTBY's desk.

FRANCESCA
Help yourself.

Despite being the only woman in the room she is not going to do the pouring. OSNARD takes note of her feminist stance. He pours himself a cup. He holds the pot aloft, a query. Anyone want more coffee? They all decline with smiles and head shakes. No one wants to be in his debt this soon. He continues to hold the pot aloft. Are they really sure?

STORMONT
May we know what has prompted your arrival here?

OSNARD
(dead relaxed)
Nothing mysterious about it. The boys back home are naturally concerned to know that the world's biggest trade gateway isn't going to fall into the wrong hands, now that it's in the wrong hands.

STORMONT
And forgive me - don't want to seem presumptuous - but I very much doubt you'll come up with anything more than they already know from our regular Embassy briefings.

OSNARD stares right back at him.

(CONTINUED)

OSNARD
Know about the Silent Opposition?

STORMONT looks blank. He glances at MALTBY for help. MALTBY shrugs, never heard of it either.

OSNARD (contíd)
(point made)
There you go.

FRANCESCA
You're a fast little worker.

OSNARD
See something worth having. Go after it.

MALTBY winces at the crudeness of the remark. This is the yob generation.

MALTBY
May I ask at what point we here in the Embassy will get a sight of this 'product' of yours?

OSNARD
My boss says no local sharing unless he gives the nod. But I'm not bothered. Say the four of us in this room? I'd have no problem with that.

MALTBY
Well all that sounds very satisfactory. Nigel? Francesca?

STORMONT shrugs. FRANCESCA smiles.

MALTBY (cont'd)
Don't play golf, I suppose, Andrew?

OSNARD
Oh, you know, bit.

MALTBY
Beginner? Middling?

OSNARD
I play off eight these days. Bit rusty. Used to be six.

MALTBY
Eight will do very well. Just a word of warning.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MALTBY (contid)
The local courses are very keen on proper togs. Old-fashioned, I suppose you'd say.

He stares pointedly at OSNARD'S open neck shirt.

MALTBY
Good to have you with us, Andrew.

OSNARD
Good to be here.

MALTBY
Francesca will show you your office.

27 INT. BRITISH EMBASSY. CORRIDOR. DAY. 27

OSNARD follows FRANCESCA down the corridor. It's a pleasure to watch her in motion.

FRANCESCA
It's a bit on the poky side I'm afraid.

OSNARD
Bit on the poky side is fine by me.

A deliberate double-entendre? FRANCESCA ignores it, after a faint flicker.

FRANCESCA
Well we thought you'd probably be out and about rather a lot. Here we are.

She holds the door open - he ignores everything in the room except the wall safe. He homes on it, tests the handle, it's locked. He stoops to it, puts his ear to the door and slowly spins the dial.

FRANCESCA
(amused)
What are you listening to?

OSNARD
(continues to twiddle)
The sea.

FRANCESCA
What are you proposing to keep in it?

OSNARD
Champagne... change of underwear... Bloody thing must have been sitting in the warehouse all its life... stuck on one combo.. tumblers all shot.. Gotcha.

27 CONTINUED: 27

OSNARD slams the handle downward and yanks. The safe door opens.

FRANCESCA
Are you quite sure it was locked in the first place?

FRANCESCA's pedigree is absolutely impeccable, blue blood, academic excellence.

OSNARD
Are you quite sure it wasn't?

He looks at her steadily for a moment. She returns his gaze, then looks awkwardly away.

OSNARD (cont'd)
I'm staying out at the Hotel Gamboa till the apartment's ready. Come out on Sunday. Spot of lunch, swim in the lake, see how it goes.

FRANCESCA
I think I'm busy on Sunday.

Prolonged eye contact in which FRANCESCA loses out.

OSNARD
You're right. It was open. Just tight from lack of use.

28 EXT. CASCO VIEJO, PANAMA CITY. DAY. 28

HARRY is striding purposefully through the the old colonial quarter. HARRY, impeccably dressed in his white linen suit, is in stark contrast to the tribe of small ragged BOYS pestering him. He quickens his pace but cannot shake them off. He stops, throws a handful of coins behind him. While the kids gather them up, he dodges furtively into a dark doorway.

29 INT MICKIE ABRAXUS' APARTMENT DAY 29

HARRY climbs the dark narrow stairs. A MAID smiles as she lets him it. She knows HARRY. She gestures towards MICKIE slumped in a chair wearing shades. She mimes 'hangover'. Long, low-ceilinged room, fans flapping, polished teak floor, shabby wicker furniture.

MICKIE gets up unsteadily to greet HARRY and enfolds him in his huge arms.

(CONTINUED)

MICKIE
Sorry for the other night, Harry. I fucked up. Going through a bad patch.

HARRY gives him a squeeze to let him know he's forgiven.

HARRY
Is it money, Mickie, is it? Maybe I can help.

MICKIE
You? You got debts worse than me.

MICKIE slumps back into his chair with a sigh. HARRY sidles over to the piano. He tinkers with the keys. He starts to pick out the tune of the rebel song that Mickie sang in the car, trying to coax him, challenge him.

HARRY
(carefully)
Are you still in touch with, you know, any of the students, the fighters, from the Noreiga time.

MICKIE
(a bitter laugh)
They're all lawyers now. Bankers. Fat. Rich. Haven't you heard? We got a Democracy.

HARRY
(coaxing)
The corruption. The poverty. Still a lot to fight for, Mickie.

The MAID arrives with thick sweet coffee. MICKIE needs both hands to steady it to his mouth.

MICKIE
Don't have the stomach for it, Harry. I get the shakes when I see a cop. Unless I'm drunk. Then I want to hit him. Either way...

HARRY
Could you ask around? See if there're any rebels at all?

The look on MICKIE's face tells it all. It is hopeless.

MICKIE
You should give up on me, Harry. I'm a lost cause.

29 CONTINUED: (2) 29

No way. HARRY is the keeper of lost causes. He starts to put words to the song but soon falters, can only remember the first two lines. MICKIE fills in, can't help being aroused by the music. His voice transforms the music, yearning and poetic.

HARRY
How much do you owe, Mickie?

MICKIE
To the bookies? To you?

HARRY
All in. All of it. Come on.

MICKIE doesn't want to face it.

MICKIE
Not much change out of twenty grand.

HARRY
I'll get it for you, Mickie. I'll get it.

HARRY switches to a cheerful Salsa, banging it out on the piano. MICKIE smiles and shakes his head. HARRY is too much.

30 EXT./INT. HARRY'S SHOP. DAY. 30

MARTA at her post looks up and frowns as she sees HARRY crossing the road and coming in.

MARTA
Buenos dias, Senor Pendel.

HARRY
Senor Pendel? What have I done wrong, Marta?

MARTA
You've done nothing. That's the problem. Look at these accounts. Your friend Rafi Domingo. Two months overdue.

HARRY
Carry it over till next month. He's a good customer.

MARTA
He's a shit. He made all his money under Noriega. I'm going to charge him interest.

HARRY
You can't do that.

MARTA
Yes I can. You're too soft. You're worried they won't like you if you make them pay.

HARRY
It's a tradition, Marta. Gentlemen always keep their tailors waiting for their money.

MARTA
Gentleman? Find me one. Your Mr Osnard isn't one, that's for sure. What does he want?

HARRY
A suit!

She's not put off that easily.

MARTA
This is me, Harry.

HARRY
(penitent)
He's looking for information.
Be nice to him, no sulks. Promise?

MARTA
He is a devil.

HARRY
Who says?

MARTA
His eyes say.

HARRY
I'm just chatting to him, like I do.
Don't look at me like that, Marta. I'm just a tailor!

Over MARTA's shoulder HARRY sees OSNARD enter the shop.

MARTA
No, Harry. Not just a tailor.
You spin and you weave as well. You're a dreamer which is why I have to watch out for you.

30 CONTINUED: (2) 30

HARRY
Speak of the Devil.

MARTA whips round, horrified. OSNARD takes note of the intimacy. He gives MARTA a knowing smile as she hurries past him without a glance.

OSNARD
How's my suit coming along then?

HARRY ushers him towards the fitting room, with the gesture of a magician about to reveal a masterful illusion.

HARRY
As soon as I put the shears into that alpaca, I said, 'Harry, this is going to be something special.'

OSNARD
A poem, is it?

HARRY is hurt by the snide tone. He brings the suit into the fitting room. OSNARD appraises MARTA as she goes to her desk.

OSNARD
Great body. As long as she keeps her face turned away when you're fucking her.

Their faces are close together in the confined space and HARRY's angry glare would unsettle a lesser man but OSNARD appears not to notice.

HARRY
Marta's decent. And she's been in some very bad places.

OSNARD
Such as?

HARRY helps OSNARD into the jacket. He smooths out the cloth with a smacking motion, sublimating his aggression.

HARRY
Here. Under Noriega's. She stood up when the rest were lying down. That's why they did her face for her.

He spirits a piece of chalk from his pocket and marks up the nips and tucks.

OSNARD
Are her sacred causes still intact?

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (3) 30

HARRY
She'd never budge. Not Marta.

OSNARD
So she's one of them.

HARRY
(momentarily mislaying his own fictions)
One of who?

OSNARD
The Silent Opposition.

UNCLE BENNY pops up at OSNARD's shoulder in the tight intimacy of the changing room.

BENNY
(a shocked whisper)
Harry! Stop!

HARRY
(helpless shrug)
Can't.

BENNY is gone.

HARRY
Absolutely.

OSNARD
(sarcastic)
What is she? Their Chief of Ops? Head spook?

HARRY lifts the jacket carefully from OSNARD's shoulders, playing for time, waiting for inspiration to strike.

HARRY
She's more. Much more.

OSNARD
How much?

HARRY
(the voice that fantasizes)
You press me too hard, Andy.

OSNARD
Sweetheart. You haven't even <u>felt</u> me yet. Think rice farm.

30 CONTINUED: (4) 30

Flash cut of MARTA being savagely beaten by two goons from Noriega's dignity battalion. MICKIE ABRAXUS, unarmed, trying to save her, more goons beating him.

HARRY
She's their Joan of Arc. Their spiritual leader, bar none.

An inspired invention. OSNARD is beguiled.

OSNARD
You're too much, Harry. Can we have her?

HARRY draws back the curtains with a dramatic sweep. They can see MARTA at her high desk. HARRY is moved by her delicate grace. He turns decisively to OSNARD, his voice hard.

HARRY
Every penny you give her will go to the great cause without commission or deductions of any sort or kind.

OSNARD
How much?

HARRY
(there's no stopping him now)
For the pulse and soul of the Silent Opposition?

OSNARD
For Marta.

HARRY
Micky needs twenty grand to activate his units. She should get the same.

OSNARD is lost in admiration for HARRY'S chutzpah.

OSNARD
Should be able to swing that, Harry. London's tickled pink with this Silent Opposition of yours.

HARRY escorts him to the door, taking care not to catch MARTA's eye. He steps outside with him.

31 EXT HARRY'S SHOP DAY 31

OSNARD goes to his car. He has a driver now.

OSNARD
How's the rice farm?

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: 31

HARRY
(winces)
Don't ask.

OSNARD
Know who your neighbour is up there? The guy who's cutting off your access to the water?

HARRY
He's not a person. He's an absentee landlord and a corporation registered in Miami. And a prick.

OSNARD gets into the car, slides the window down.

OSNARD
Know where he banks? With your chum Ramon. Not to put too fine a point on it, he <u>is</u> your chum Ramon.

HARRY stares at him.

OSNARD (cont'd)
Well, Ramon owns two thirds, and Mr. X owns the other third. Know who Mr. X is?

HARRY
No I don't know who Mr. X is.

OSNARD
How about your farm manager chap? Angelo is it?

HARRY's face. Of course. It all makes sense. OSNARD drives off. HARRY turns back to the shop. MARTA is at the door watching. She knows something is wrong. He sees her anxiety, smiles to reassure her.

32 EXT. PANAMA STREET. NIGHT. (FLASHBACK) 32

MARTA's face as she is dragged out of HARRY'S car. She struggles. She is held down. MICKIE ABRAXUS is pulled out too. HARRY is being held struggling by two big goons from Noriega's Dignity battalions - and we can hear the sound of a baseball bat hitting flesh.

HARRY
No! No! Please! It's a mistake!

32 CONTINUED: 32

Fragmentary glimpses of a roadblock, Harry's (then) car with both doors wide open, and MARTA, in white shirt and jeans, on the ground, surrounded by several more "Dingbats", two of them hitting her with bats.

MICKIE ABRAXAS bursts free of the men holding him down and smashes into the men who are hitting MARTA:

MICKIE
Bastards! Bastards! Leave her alone!

A glimpse of her beautiful whole face before the bat swings into it.

MICKIE being borne down by the combined weight and blows of five or six Dingbats.

HARRY's mouth opening in a silent scream.

33 INT. HARRY'S BEDROOM. DAY. 33

HARRY wakes from his recurring nightmare and leaps out of bed. Louisa looks up at him blearily. He's standing in his fighter pose, fists clenched, shoulders hunched.

LOUISA.
I didn't hear the alarm.

HARRY comes to, surprised to find himself out of bed.

HARRY
I'll start breakfast.

INT. HARRY'S HOUSE. DAY. (LATER)

The family at the breakfast table. HARRY, in an apron, is braiding SARAH's hair. LOUISA is scanning the political pages of the newspaper and eating eggs and bacon.

MARK
What happened to your diet, mom?

LOUISA
I'm in denial.

SARAH
What's denial?

HARRY
A very big river in Africa.

LOUISA is used to this crap and ignores it.

33 CONTINUED: 33

SARAH
(innocently provocative)
A girl at school said that working mothers feel guilty about their kids. Why don't you, mom?

LOUISA gets up and takes SARAH's school bag from a hook on the wall.

LOUISA
Because your father's such a good mother. It's ballet today. I've put your things in your bag. Don't leave them behind this time.

She puts the bag around SARAH's neck and hustles her to the door. HARRY fusses with MARK's tie.

MARK
You seeing the President today, Dad?

HARRY
I am.
(looks at his watch)
And I'd better get my skates on.

He takes off his apron. SARAH dodges back. She's forgotten something.

SARAH
Why did Madame Morosco have to go? She was a nice President.

LOUISA
Yes. Too nice. Like your father. They decided they wanted someone tougher.

SARAH
Like you, mom?

A sharp look from LOUISA. SARAH laughs. She's a tease. LOUISA chases her round the table, sweeps her up in a hug.

34 EXT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE. DAY. 34

A splendid 17th Century colonial Spanish building. A SOLDIER directs HARRY to a parking place next to a fleet of huge limousines. He gets out, looking and feeling rather small. It is pouring with rain. He puts his umbrella up. He is carrying a suitcase.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED: 34

HARRY goes up the steps. Two armed guards. HARRY opens his suitcase for their inspection, passes through the security scanner while they examine the contents.

HARRY
Mr. Pendel, to see the President.

They hand him back the suitcase and let him advance. In the splendid marble hall, herons strut despondently round a fountain. A beautiful black SECRETARY is waiting for him, smiling.

SECRETARY
This way, Meester Pendel. May I take your case?

HARRY
No, no, no. Light as a feather.
(dropping his voice to confide)
How is he, frankly?

SECRETARY
Working. Always working. He thinks only of Panama.

HARRY
The burdens of office - the travel - they're not taking their toll at all?

She gives him a professional my-lips-are-sealed smile, and shows him through a tall pair of double doors.

35 INT. RECEPTION ROOM. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE. DAY. 35

The PRESIDENT is not a big man, and the floor has been arranged as a kind of ramp sweeping up to him, as he stoops to shake hands with half a dozen bowing BUSINESSMEN of various races. A sinister looking aide called MARCO comes up to HARRY, who stands shyly with his case.

MARCO
Show your pass, please.

HARRY
Senor Marco. You know me. I made you that double-breasted mohair you're wearing. I'm still waiting for you to pay for it.

MARCO sighs.

MARCO
Through there. He will give you five minutes only.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: 35

HARRY
How is he?

MARCO
Like shit. All morning at the dentist.

HARRY goes through to a little ante-room, very ornate like the rest of the palace. In the middle of the room is a table and a golden folding screen. HARRY puts the case on the table, and takes out a dress coat and trousers, half made up, with the big stitches prominent, and hangs them over the screen. The screen has a little slit or window in it at eye level.

The door swings open and the PRESIDENT marches in and goes straight behind the screen.

HARRY
Your Excellency. Welcome back indeed. Five capitals in one week, I think I read. Paris to Tokyo in seven days. That must be a record, even for your world-class statesman.

All we hear from the other side of the screen is a series of grunts, as a jacket appears over the screen, followed by a pair of trousers. HARRY unpacks his case, high with excitement and tension.

PRESIDENT
Pants.

HARRY hands the presidential trousers over the top of the screen.

HARRY
They'll know where Panama is then, won't they? We won't be just a wriggly little worm on the map with a Canal across it any more, will we?

A presidential hand snaps for attention above the screen.

PRESIDENT
Vest.

HARRY hands over the waistcoat.

HARRY
I try to dispense with the rear buckle as a rule, with your handmade waistcoat, Excellency.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (2) 35

HARRY (contid)
Too many of my gentlemen report a serious discomfort to the lower vertebrae when leaning backward relishing a post-prandial cigar. Did we discuss the future of the Canal at all, sir, on our travels, or was our mind on loftier matters?

The hand reappears. HARRY passes the jacket over the top of the screen. An ominous pause and the PRESIDENT emerges in full tail suit, arms held wide.

PRESIDENT
You want to know something about the Canal?

HARRY
If it pleases your Excellency.

PRESIDENT
You're halfway up it! I stand upright: okay, just. I sit down: my balls are in my ears. You make your pants too tight, Mr. Braithwaite! Why don't you tailors let your President breathe! Marco!

36 EXT. HOTEL PARAISO. NIGHT. 36

A seedy hotel used by couples and by prostitutes, in the entertainment area of town. We see a lot of human traffic going in and out. HARRY, nervous and furtive, walks towards the entrance. He looks back. A black Mercedes is gliding in. TWO SHADOWY FIGURES are seated in the front. A third BURLY FIGURE lounges in the back. HARRY reaches the entrance, hesitates. The car pulls to a stop in front of the hotel, inches from where HARRY is standing. HARRY looks into the car. In the back is THE BEAR, the distasteful Panamanian journalist last seen in HARRY'S clubroom. He gives HARRY a little wave and makes a tut-tut, 'naughty-naughty' gesture. HARRY shakes his head vigorously, points at his brief case, indicates 'business.' He strides into the lobby trying to look purposeful.

HARRY
Shit, Shit. Shit.

37 INT HOTEL ROOM NIGHT 37

Garish colours. OSNARD is sprawled out on the king-size bed. HARRY is perched on the end of it, sweating and nervous. A couple is screwing on the TV screen.

HARRY
Harry, he says to me, you make beautiful pants.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: 37

HARRY (contid)
When I was a little boy I dreamed of one day wearing pants like these. His very words, Andy.

We hear a groan of simulated lust. OSNARD is unmoved. HARRY glances nervously at the toiling limbs on the screen.

HARRY
To be frank, Andy, I don't see why we have to meet here. It's not very salubrious.

OSNARD
Good cover, Harry. They rent the rooms by the hour. Cash. No questions asked. No paper trail. Anyone sees you going in, you're here to get your end away. Same with me.

OSNARD'S attention is caught for a moment by a particular manoeuvre on the screen.

OSNARD
So that's it, is it? A half-hour tete a tete about knickers? What about the Canal? Did he say anything about his trip?

HARRY
He had talks, yes. 'Constructive discussions' was his phrase, I believe.

OSNARD
That all? You're not going to pay off the rice farm at this rate.

HARRY
Andy, this is hard for me. He confides. A tailor's like a priest in these situations. For me, the changing room is as sacred as the confessional.

OSNARD
(sneering)
My lips are sealed, eh?

A highly pregnant pause.

HARRY
Have you had a chance to make arrangements about the rice farm, Andy?

OSNARD
Money's there, once you deliver.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY buries his head in his hands. A long moment while he gives a convincing impression of wrestling with his conscience.

HARRY
(a whisper)
He's selling it, Andy.

OSNARD
What!?

HARRY
Selling it. The Canal. Has to, he says. Needs the money. Relieve the poverty. Infrastructure.

OSNARD
Who's buying? Who's buying?

OSNARD is suddenly on his feet. He looms over HARRY like a predator. HARRY looks up. HARRY as Judas, the agony of betrayal. Playing it for all he's worth.

HARRY
Various interested parties, I believe.

OSNARD
Come on.

HARRY
He mentioned the French. The Japanese.

OSNARD
And?

HARRY
Ah, yes. The Chinese.

Dead silence, broken only by the sighs and groans of the lovers on the TV, the honking of traffic.

OSNARD
Harry.

HARRY
Andy.

OSNARD
Are you pulling my pisser?

HARRY
Not unless the President's pulling mine, Andy.

37 CONTINUED: (3) 37

OSNARD
This is fucking dynamite. Does he always talk to you like that?

HARRY
(modestly)
Not always. Sometimes. He was tired out from his travels, plus he'd spent the morning at the dentist, Andy. I will say I was surprised, all the same, the way he came out with it before he'd hardly got his front leg into his mohair trousers.

OSNARD
(setting a pocket tape recorder between them)
This is for the record. Times, places, names. His actual words where you can remember 'em. And goose it up a bit. This one's going straight to the top. What kind o' Chinese, by the way?

HARRY
(momentarily lost)
Just Chinese, Andy - like Chinese.

OSNARD
Fuck's sake! Mainland or Taiwan?

HARRY
(a beat, a beatific smile as the fluence returns)
The both, Andy. The two together. Hand in hand. It's something the President's very proud of, that he's brought the two of them together, sitting at the same table, signing their cheques...

HARRY in full flight. OSNARD is sucked in.

HARRY (cont'd)
"Harry," he says to me, "if it's the only thing I'm remembered for, then so be it. I'm the one who brought love and reconciliation to the great Chinese people for the betterment of all mankind..."

OSNARD can scarcely conceal his delight.

OSNARD
You've excelled yourself, Harry. This is a better yarn than Arthur Braithwaite.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (4) 37

HARRY
(bristling)
Are you implying...?

OSNARD
Doesn't matter what I think. It plays.

He gives HARRY a large brown envelope, then a newspaper to wrap it in.

OSNARD
First installments for Abraxus and Marta.

HARRY
Installments? I thought...

OSNARD
Payment on results, Harry.

38 INT. BRITISH EMBASSY. PANAMA. NIGHT. OSNARD'S OFFICE. 38

OSNARD sits before a complex electronic machine with dials and buttons marked with such words as Digitalise, Encrypt, Go Over and Receive. He types and the words TOP SECRET BUCHAN, FLASH, DECIPHER YOURSELF, UK EYES ONLY, PERSONAL FOR LUXMORE appear on the screen. He takes the tape recorder from his pocket and presses the record button.

OSNARD
(formal, deferential)
Oxnard to Luxmore. That was Buchan's direct testimony, sir, recorded one hour after his interview with the President. I can also report that Abraxus is in play, repeat, Abraxus, leader of the Silent Opposition, is ours. Through Buchan I am hoping to recruit Senora M, a Joan of Arc figure in the Silent Opposition. Costs running high. Detailed financial statement to follow. End of message, sir.

He extracts the cassette and feeds it into the machine. He presses a start button and the machine chatters. Turning his back on it, he belches, stoops and opens his safe, revealing stacks of dollar bills inside. Carelessly peeling off a wad he shoves them in his back pocket and returns to the machine, which is whinging and blinking green lights at him: ENCRYPTION OK ENCRYPTION OK. He presses a button marked SEND and the machine farts.

OSNARD
And fuck you too, sister.

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: 38

SC 39 deleted.

40 INT. HARRY'S BEDROOM IN BETHANIA. NIGHT. 40

HARRY and LOUISA are dozing in each others arms, post coital.

LOUISA
(sleepily)
Delgado's given me a raise. Responsibility allowance. I get to be his right hand girl on the Canal.

HARRY is suddenly fully awake, wheels turning. LOUISA switches off the light.

LOUISA
'Night, darling.

The screen is completely black. A moment, then:

HARRY
Lou?

LOUISA
Hmm...

HARRY
You asleep?

A gasp of surprise as he enters her.

LOUISA
Harry, why are you so horny all of a sudden?

HARRY
(with a Latin American accent)
Not Harry. No. This is your boss, Ernesto. I climbed in the window. Is ok. Harry is snoring.

Signs of pleasure from LOUISA.

LOUISA
I love you, Harry.

HARRY
Why?

LOUISA
You know why.

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: 40

HARRY
(it's a ritual)
Tell me again.

LOUISA
Because you make me laugh.

HARRY
And?

LOUISA
Because you're real and true.

HARRY
Only with you, Louisa.

She starts to get vocal. He puts his hand over her mouth.

41 EXT. BANK. DAY. 41

HARRY is walking towards the doors with a bit of a swagger. The same SECURITY GUARD is there, cradling his shotgun. He reads the body language and is therefore respectful.

SECURITY GUARD
Good morning, Meester Pendel, have a nice day!

42 INT. BANK. RAMON RUDD'S OFFICE. DAY. 42

RAMON at his huge desk.

RAMON
You want to pay off the debt? With what?

HARRY
Let's say I've met a mad millionaire. Ramon, I want to buy your farm from you.

RAMON
What you mean you want to buy my farm? I don't have no farm.

HARRY
Yes, you do, Ramon. I know all about it.

RAMON thinks about it.

RAMON
You got another business going somewhere?

HARRY
I told you, I've met a mad millionaire.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: 42

RAMON
You got a mad millionaire, you can pay me three thousand an acre.

HARRY smiles.

HARRY
Two. You'll be paid direct from Europe, Ramon. I've made arrangements. You won't mind if I deduct your tailoring bill?

43 INT HARRY'S CAR NIGHT 43

MICKIE is in the passenger seat looking very uncomfortable. He peers in at the envelope HARRY has given him. A lot of money. HARRY glances at him nervously.

MICKIE
I'll pay you back, Harry. I'm going to straighten out.

MICKIE is scowling.

HARRY
Just don't resent me for doing you a favour.

MICKIE
(surly)
This is Panama, Harry, where no good deed goes unpunished.

MICKIE is still frowning when suddenly he explodes with laughter. The huge laugh of a very large man. HARRY laughs with relief. They set each other off and they can't stop.

44 EXT VILLA MISERIA NIGHT. 44

HARRY's car pulls in next to a large ramshackle warehouse on the waterfront in the midst of a densely populated area of improvised housing. TWO TOUGHS lounge at the entrance, keeping guard. As HARRY and MICKIE get out they are still laughing. The TWO TOUGHS are delighted to see MICKIE. They grin and clap him on the back.

45 INT CLUB BUILDING NIGHT. 45

HARRY and MICKIE are still giggling as they are greeted by a dignified old man who leans on a stick, PABLO SILVA. MICKIE introduces HARRY and embraces PABLO.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: 45

MICKIE
(in Spanish)
Pablo, this is my friend, Harry Pendel.
(to Harry, in English)
Pablo Silva is the boss here and the best of men.

PABLO studies them with amusement, but with a bitter edge.

PABLO
(in Spanish)
It's good to see you have something to laugh about, Mickie.

HARRY
(lowering his voice)
Was Pablo involved in the struggle against Noriego?

MICKIE
All these people were. We try to do something for their kids.

HARRY's eye goes to the adults sitting on chairs against the walls. Many of them are amputees, some are blind. In one corner a bunch of tough-looking men sit drinking beer and HARRY catches a glimpse of a weapon or two.

MARTA is conducting a dance class for a group of children between eight and fourteen. A percussionist sits cross-legged on the floor beating out a samba rhythm. HARRY admires MARTA'S grace as she demonstrates the steps of the dance.

LATER

HARRY is playing the piano and MICKIE is singing. The KIDS sing along. MARTA is standing next to HARRY.

HARRY offers her the brown envelope, same as MICKIE'S.

MARTA
You don't have any money, Harry. Where's it from?

HARRY
Who cares? It's for the kids.

She shakes her head, puts the envelope on the piano. HARRY is exasperated and guilty. He gets up and goes to the KIDS, doing a funny walk. He does the same prat fall he did for his own children. The kids love it.

45 CONTINUED: (2) 45

HARRY (contid)
(in Spanish)
Close your eyes. Surprise!

He puts a hundred dollar bill in each hand. MICKIE stops singing, looks across to MARTA. They are both embarrassed. The KIDS are too. No one knows what to do. HARRY is at a loss. He spots PABLO and goes over to him.

HARRY
(in Spanish)
Will you take this? I just want to make a contribution to the club.

PABLO stares at him for a long moment, then:

PABLO
(in Spanish)
Okay, I take it. But I do not like the way you do this.

46 EXT. GAMBOA HOTEL. DAY. 46

A covered terrace looking out over the Gatun Lake. Ships pass on the canal in the distance. A live band playing dance music. FRANCESCA and OSNARD are toying with barbecued chicken. They've been swimming. She's wearing a swimsuit and a sarong thing over it.

FRANCESCA
(languid, playful)
I've been researching you. You were at Eton at the same time as my brother. Charles Deane?

OSNARD
No recollection, sorry.

FRANCESCA
Well, he recollects you. He said you got the sack. He didn't know what for. He said it was all very hush hush.

OSNARD
Well it wasn't for the usual. If that's what you're thinking.

FRANCESCA
No, I didn't imagine it would be.

She catches his eye and blushes.

(CONTINUED)

OSNARD
What did you imagine it would be?

FRANCESCA
The housemaster's daughter? Wife?

A pause in which they both enjoy looking at each other. OSNARD appears suddenly to reach a decision.

OSNARD
Right. Two ways we can deal with this one, old girl. Sweat it out for six months, and then fall into each other's arms, darling why ever didn't we do this before? Method B, the preferred one, full-on affair now, observing tight security all round, and see how we like it. If we don't, chuck it and no one's the wiser. Been there, didn't care for it, glad o' the information.

She been listening with some amazement at his cheek.

FRANCESCA
There is a third way, though perhaps you haven't heard of it.

OSNARD
What's that?

FRANCESCA
Abstinence.

OSNARD
No, I don't think so, do you?

She looks away, a horse tossing its neck.

FRANCESCA
I don't suppose it's occurred to you I might hugely prefer someone else?

OSNARD
Well, if you do, he's not in Panama. I've been researching you too. D'you know what they call you round here? The English iceberg. Come and dance.

FRANCESCA
Oh, God, you don't dance as well, do you?

OSNARD
As well as what?

46 CONTINUED: (2) 46

They dance, the only couple on the floor. She begins at a determined distance from him, stiffly, jaw set. He makes no effort to advance on her. Both dance well, yes on each other all the time but it is Francesca who gradually closes the gap until, half-naked, they are in and out of each other's arms. The BAND plays up for them: a rhumba.

47 INT. BRITISH EMBASSY. CONFERENCE ROOM. NIGHT. 47

MALTBY, STORMONT, FRANCESCA, OSNARD. They are sitting at a conference table with folders. OSNARD is very much running the meeting. He never looks at FRANCESCA. But she can't help looking at her new lover.

OSNARD
My chaps in London are in a bit of a spin about it. I, ah, I understand they're talking to Washington.

FRANCESCA looks at him as he runs a hand through his hair.

CUT TO:

48 *INT. GAMBOA HOTEL ROOM DAY. (FLASHBACK)* 48

A very brief, almost subliminal shot of FRANCESCA and OSNARD sun striping them through the Venetian blind. He's got a handful of her hair, his dark head in her neck, her head thrown back as she gasps with pleasure.

49 INT. BRITISH EMBASSY. MALTBY'S OFFICE NIGHT. 49

STORMONT
If the Canal's being sold out of the back door, how come we've never got a whisper of it?

MALTBY
Indeed, I'm sure that question is being asked, and not to your credit, Nigel, as political officer.

STORMONT
(stung)
What about the Americans? They've got billions of dollars' worth of surveillance kit out there. Why don't they know about it?

MALTBY
Perhaps they do know and they're not telling us.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

49 CONTINUED: 49

MALTBY (contid)
Or the CIA are not telling the military, or the military aren't telling the State Department.

FRANCESCA'S eyes have drifted unbidden to OSNARD.

MALTBY
Francesca, you're very quiet. What's your feeling about Andrew's astonishing discoveries?

MALTBY lusts hopelessly after FRANCESCA, and hopes to conceal it.

FRANCESCA
Oh, I couldn't possibly comment. No insight into the Osnard methods, I'm afraid.

She smiles sweetly at MALTBY, who preens. She enjoys the secret knowledge that Osnard is her lover, enjoys these little games. OSNARD's discretion is perfect - you'd never guess a thing from him.

50 EXT. HARRY'S HOUSE DAY. 50

HARRY drives his four-track down the winding road, swinging the wheel to the rhythm of Mozart playing on the car stereo.

He is appalled to discover he is not alone. A PAIR OF LYNXES has pulled alongside him: very young special police - woman driving, man on the back - in close-fitting black uniforms and black vizors, (LYNXES ride lightweight motorcycles and are trained in instant, violent response, mostly against muggers.) The man carries a sawn-off, pump-action shotgun. For a dreadful, hanging moment, they remain alongside him. They are so close he can discern their features beneath their blacked-out vizors staring at him through his side window, until with a sudden burst of speed, they ride away.

He swings the car up the steep road to Ancon Hill. He looks anxiously in the rear view mirror and is relieved to see that he is not being followed. Nevertheless, in his anxiety, he takes the hairpin bends much too fast.

51 EXT. ANCON HILL EVENING. 51

OSNARD stands at the summit looking down at the city bending across the bay from the poor barrios below to the luxurious banks and apartments at the far side. Out at sea ships await their turn to go through the canal.

OSNARD turns to see HARRY hurrying towards him from his car glancing nervously behind him.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: 51

OSNARD
Try not to look so furtive, Harry.

HARRY
Feeling a little anxious, Andy.

OSNARD
(accusingly)
How do you thiink I feel?

HARRY
Something wrong, Andy?

OSNARD
Yes. There is. We bombed in Washington. The Yanks say we're talking through our arses. No Silent Opposition, no conspiracy to sell off the Canal, no wily Frogs, no fuck all.

HARRY
They can't say that!

OSNARD
They've just said it. "The Buchan material has no credibility." No credibility equals no cash. With no Yanks to hold our hands, London will pull the entire project.

HARRY
Why?

OSNARD
Because in matters of Intelligence, dear Harry, as in most other matters, Merrie England sucks on the American hind tit. It's called the Special Relationship.

OSNARD turns and walks towards the cafe that attracts people with its view over the city. HARRY follows. They sit at a table.

51a EXT/INT CAFE NIGHT 51a

HARRY
Mickie will be very downcast, Andy. So will Marta.

OSNARD
What about us? We both have a good thing going here.

(CONTINUED)

51a CONTINUED: 51a

They have both come to count on the flow of cash.

HARRY
(rebelling)
It was blue chip material! You said so yourself!

OSNARD
The Yanks don't listen to anything except their satellites and their satellites aren't talking to them. The peasants are about to revolt? Fab. Canal's being flogged off to a bunch o' slit eyes and the Frogs are brokering the deal? Whoopee. So why the fuck is nobody talking about it over the ether?

HARRY
(groping)
It's in code. Diplomatic codes. Military. Commercial.

OSNARD
The Yanks can break those codes in their sleep.

HARRY
(still groping)
There's a radio silence been imposed. "Special wireless security is henceforth being observed." Personal order of the President.

OSNARD
(skeptical)
That the best you can come up with?

OSNARD looks at HARRY hard. Is he halfway to rumbling him? Is he all the way?

OSNARD (contid)
London needs something solid. Evidence. Documents. Put the make on Delgado. Does Louisa bring papers home? Canal stuff?

HARRY
What's that got to do with anything?

OSNARD
Does she, that's all.

HARRY
It happens.

(CONTINUED)

OSNARD
And more since her promotion?

HARRY
Probably.

OSNARD takes a golden cigarette lighter from his pocket, lights a cigarette, hands the lighter to HARRY. It is big and cumbersome and ostentatious.

OSNARD
Look up its skirt.

HARRY turns the lighter over and discovers a tiny lens and lever secreted in the underpart.

OSNARD (contíd)
Shove the little doofer over. It's a camera. One picture's worth a thousand words. Or a thousand bucks. Tell her that.

HARRY
Tell her?

OSNARD
Why not? Put her on the pay roll. Double your money. I want something on Delgado's dealings with the Chinese. Something in writing, Harry. No more bullshit.

HARRY
She's loyal to a fault, Andy. She worship's Delgado.

OSNARD
Does she know what you're at?

HARRY
Not an inkling, Andy.

OSNARD
Ever tell her about your prison days?

HARRY
Not as such.

OSNARD
Haul her in, Harry, or I might bring her up to speed on the subject of Harry Pendel, the criminal..

51a CONTINUED: (3) 51a

HARRY
Stay away from her. I'll handle it.

HARRY tenses. Over OSNARD'S shoulder he recognises the young couple, the LYNXES, who stared at him from their motor bike. They are drinking Coca-Cola, a picture of innocence.

HARRY (contíd)
I was followed. Dingbats. Two tables behind you.

OSNARD is impassive, doesn't look at them.

OSNARD
You leave first. I'll wait. We'd better go to ground from now on.

HARRY gets abruptly to his feet and leaves. OSNARD watches HARRY walk back to his four-track, then he turns and smiles at the young COUPLE, at least at the GIRL. She blushes. They are leaving their table. The BOY glares at OSNARD as they pass him. They hurry out to their motorbike, pulling on their helmets, mounting up. HARRY'S four-track is pulling away.

Suddenly, OSNARD is next to the motorbike. He grips the GIRLS's arm.

OSNARD (CONTÍD)
(in Spanish with subtitles)
I am a tourist. Please direct me to the Canal Museum.

The GIRL tries to shake her arm free, but she's in a vise. OSNARD glances back. Harry's car has disappeared. OSNARD steps back, waves to the couple and they roar off.

52 INT. HARRY'S HOUSE. LOUISA'S DEN. NIGHT. 52

It is scarcely a den at all, more an alcove in the hall where she keeps her desk, computer and papers. She has been working late. Official-looking Canal Commission correspondence is strewn over the desk, some marked "Confidential". HARRY comes up behind her, starts to work her back and shoulders with his hands while his eyes patrol the monitor screen and papers.

HARRY
You're rather tense, tonight, Lou.

LOUISA
Yes. Probably because you're peering over my shoulder. Or maybe because I had a call from Donna. She said, you've been seen coming out of the Hotel Paraiso.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED: 52

LOUISA (contid)
Everyone knows what sort of hotel that is. I told her Harry's a tailor, he has customers from many walks of life.

HARRY
It's true.

LOUISA
But you never had to meet them at the Hotel Paraiso before.

A long silence.

LOUISA
Harry, are you seeing someone?

HARRY
Me?

She swivels round and looks him in the eye.

LOUISA
You stay out late, you don't say where. You come on at me like the great lover, then you don't touch me for weeks. What goes on, Harry? Who's getting the rest of you?

For a moment, HARRY has only the truth to protect him. He has run out of fantasies, run out of invention.

HARRY
Uncle Benny, I'm cornered. There's nothing for it. I'll have to tell her the truth. She deserves the truth.

BENNY is hovering by the open door.

BENNY
Harry boy, I've told you time and again. A man who tells the truth is sure to be caught out sooner or later. Try sincerity, that's a virtue. But truth, it's an affliction.

HARRY, all bruised honesty, looks his wife in the eye.

HARRY
I swear to you, on my life. There's no other woman. Never has been. Never will be.

She gives him a long hard look. His sincerity just about survives the scrutiny.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED: (2) 52

LOUISA
OK.

HARRY watches greedily as she puts her papers away.

LOUISA
I'm going to bed.

53 INT HARRY'S BEDROOM NIGHT 53

LOUISA is sleeping. HARRY lies awake at her side. He rises on his elbow and leans across to make sure she is fast asleep.

HARRY
Louisa?

She doesn't stir. He slides carefully out of bed and tiptoes out of the room.

He looks in at MARK. Sound asleep. He opens SARAH's door. She is sleeping in her customary posture, arms flung back. He leans over her. There is something so vulnerable, so trusting, about her that he stifles a sob.

54 INT LIVING ROOM NIGHT 54

HARRY creeps over to LOUISA'S desk. He turns on the table lamp. The click sounds like a gun shot in the deep night silence and makes him jump. He looks back at the stairs. Has it disturbed LOUISA? All quiet.

He slides the files out of his wife's brief case, opens them up, finds the ones marked "Highly Confidential" and "Secret" and without reading them he hurriedly snaps them with his lighter-camera. His hand shakes.

He hunts hurriedly through the pages and clumsily knocks a file off the desk. Documents splay out over the polished teak floor. He kneels down, frantically gathering them up.

HARRY
I'm a thief in my own home.

BENNY
(off screen)
But with best intentions. With a good heart. And your heart is in the right place, Harry. In that canal. Sailing along it, proudly.

Close on the documents as HARRY scrambles them together.

DISSOLVE TO:

CONTINUED

55 *INT. LONDON GARMENT FACTORY NIGHT* 55

Fire leaping up and consuming rows of brightly coloured summer frocks. YOUNG HARRY in a sixties bomber jacket and bother-boots, splashes paraffin over them from a can as he backs away, the fire following him, his fearful face.

BENNY
(off screen)
You're the apple of my eye, Harry. Stay shtum, and I'll always be there for you.

DISSOLVE TO:

56 INT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT 56

HARRY has dozed off in an armchair. LOUISA, in her nightdress, appears on the stairs.

LOUISA
Harry!

HARRY jerks awake. He jumps to his feet like a punchy fighter hearing the bell, legs astraddle, fists up. It makes LOUISA laugh. His ability to amuse her is the rock of their relationship. He throws a guilty glance at her desk and is relieved to see that all is as it should be.

HARRY
Couldn't sleep.

LOUISA
Couldn't sleep? You were out cold.

He slumps back into the armchair. LOUISA sits on his lap, rests her head on his chest. He holds her close.

LOUISA
Tell me about this Andy Osnard. Who is he?

HARRY CONT'D
He's become a bit of a pal, as such.

LOUISA
I used to be your pal.

He kisses her by way of compensation, her neck, her shoulders, her eyes.

LOUISA (contíd)
I'd like to meet him. Why don't you invite him Sunday.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED: 56

HARRY
Sarah's birthday?

LOUISA
Why not?

HARRY
I'll see. He's keeping a low profile.
Gone to ground.

They are very comfortable in each others arms.

HARRY
When did we last not do it in a bed?

LOUISA tries to think. Can't recall. Not interested right now.

LOUISA
Too sleepy.

HARRY is relieved.

57 INT. HARRY'S SHOP. WORKROOM. DAY. 57

HARRY is cutting to music. MARTA places a coffee at his elbow. He waits till the door has closed, extracts his cigarette lighter camera, ejects the tiny cassette, rolls it in an end-cutting of cloth, inserts the roll into an old cigarette packet from his drawer, slips the packet into his pocket and resumes his cutting - except that in his nervousness we note that the scissors waver, and his fluency has deserted him.

58 EXT. PANAMA CITY. DAY. 58

HARRY's four-track descends the hill. Below, a graveyard is sandwiched between high-rises. A MOTORCYCLIST follows, wearing a white bomber jacket and a red apache headscarf. HARRY watches him nervously through the rear view mirror.

59 INT. HARRY'S FOUR-TRACK. DAY. 59

HARRY is on the car phone..

OSNARD
(voice over)
Condor speaking.

HARRY
(loving the conspiracy)
Lady Jane's. Three zero minutes.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED: 59

OSNARD
I copy you, Buchan.

HARRY
Over and out.

To HARRY'S relief the MOTORCYCLIST veers of into a side street.

60 EXT. PANAMA. GRAVEYARD DAY. 60

HARRY's four-track is parked beside the main gates. A black GRAVEDIGGER lies sleeping on a gravestone, his straw hat over his eyes, his spade and pick beside him. HARRY is making his way up the cemetery footpath. He carries a mourner's bunch of flowers. He assumes an air of grief. He is beginning to feel like a proper spy.

Reaching a fine obelisk, he kneels. As he sets the flowers at the foot of the obelisk, we read the inscription on the obelisk: "Lady Jane Digby-Fortescue, beloved of her servants, 1860-1921." Still kneeling, Harry lifts the stone to the right of the vase, furtively slides the cigarette packet beneath it, stands, crosses himself and sets off down the hill.

61 EXT. PANAMA. CEMETERY. MAIN GATES. DAY. 61

HARRY heads through the main gates towards his four-track, passing an old colonial-style lamp post. He slows down and, drawing a tailor's chalk from his pocket (flat, triangular, we have seen it often) slashes a single chalk-line on the lamp post to indicate that the dead letter box is now filled.

He checks back over his shoulder and catches the GRAVEDIGGER as he lethargically sits up, pushes back his hat, pulls a mobile phone from his filthy overalls, punches out a number and speaks. He doesn't look in HARRY'S direction but HARRY'S paranoia is running out of control

He gets into his four-track and departs. A single MOTORCYCLIST, this time driven by a figure in a straw hat, falls in behind him. Is it the same motorbike? Is it the same rider in different gear?

HARRY and the MOTORCYCLIST have barely left the scene before we spot OSNARD'S CAR - diplomatic number-plates - mounting the hill and parking in the same spot that HARRY chose. OSNARD walks past the lamp post, notes the chalk mark, pays his respects to Lady Jane, recovers the cigarette packet, descends the hill.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED: 61

Passing the lamp post on his way back to his car he draws a chalk from his pocket and turns Harry's slashed chalk mark into a cross to indicate that the letter box has been safely cleared. No sign of the gravedigger.

62 INT HARRY'S SHOP DAY. 62

HARRY comes in from the street, hot and dishevelled. MARTA looks up, surprised, it's so unlike him.

MARTA
He's waiting. And complaining.

HARRY hurries up to the club room. TEDDY the BEAR looks up from a magazine, shakes his head disapprovingly.

HARRY
Sorry, Teddy. Jacket's ready. Go into the fitting room.

HARRY darts in to the workshop. His underlings look up from their stitching. He greets them hurriedly. He rummages through a rack of half-made suits, finds TEDDY'S jacket and sweeps it into the fitting room and slips it on to TEDDY in one smooth movement. Looking over TEDDY'S shoulder, he admires the jacket in the mirror.

HARRY (contid)
Wow. Even better than I thought. You've got a bit of a look of Jeff Bridges in that jacket.

TEDDY
Don't shmooze me, Harry. What's going on? Little bird tells me you paid off your overdraft.

HARRY CONT'D
Business is good, Teddy.

TEDDY
I smell a story.

HARRY
There's no story.

TEDDY
Want me to make one up?

HARRY
Don't, Teddy. Louisa reads your gossip column. I don't want her to know I owed money.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: 62

TEDDY
Come clean and maybe I won't run it. I'm like that. The more I know the less I print.

HARRY chalks up the alterations, moving around TEDDY, allowing him to avoid his eye.

TEDDY (contid)
You know I'll find out what you're up to, don't you?

63 EXT. CANAL. DAY. 63

HARRY is piloting the family motor launch. They are coming from their berth in the marina of Gamboa, on the banks of Lake Gatun. A huge Panamax tanker dwarfs them as it passes.

MARK and SARAH up front with OSNARD, who is being very entertaining. HARRY at the tiller, looking absurd in a yachting cap - but it's his rule always to dress for the occasion. LOUISA, interestingly, has taken a good deal of care with her appearance too - she's looking very attractive, in her casual American style. OSNARD is elegantly casual in the English style. One might say that, by comparison with HARRY, OSNARD is the real thing. He is reading SARAH's hand. She is entranced.

OSNARD
I see dancing, ballet, I think,
(she squirms with delight)
but definitely no algebra. And this is the money line. Wow. You are loaded.

He pulls a coin out of her ear. He puts his hand in her hair and draws out a cascade of dollar bills.

HARRY
Andy, that's too much money.

OSNARD picks a piece of rope from the floor of the launch and holds it up.

OSNARD
Can I have this in exchange?

MARK doubles up with laughter.

MARK
I get it! Money for old rope!

OSNARD twirls the rope, the kids giggle.

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: 63

HARRY
(to Louisa, aside)
He's worse than me.

LOUISA
How?

HARRY
Bullshit.

LOUISA
Nobody is.

OSNARD looks past the KIDS to gauge LOUISA's reaction - his smile for her is quite warm and intimate - she does find him attractive, but she's suspicious of him - after a moment she looks away.

64 EXT. ANYTIME ISLAND. DAY. 64

This is the Pendels' rented island hideaway, a tiny, part sandy, part wooded island on Lake Gatun with the Canal's path, marked by buoys, running past it, and a straw-roofed stilt house as its only habitation, perched at the centre. Only MARK is visible. His hands cover his face.

MARK
Ready or not here I come!

In the woods. They are playing a version of hide and seek that we used to call "mob" - the variation being that the "seeker" has to get back to base - in this case a big tree in a clearing - before the "hiders". It is thus risky for the seeker to venture too far from base.

MARK, moves stealthily, listening as well as looking. SARAH can't resist looking out, and we catch a thrilling glimpse of her, then we're tearing back to the tree with MARK, SARAH, trying to get there first, no chance.

MARK
(continuing)
Mob mob Sarah one two three!

He ventures out again in a different direction. Now we can see that LOUISA and OSNARD are hiding within sight of each other. OSNARD in fact seems to have done little to conceal himself, but as MARK comes by, OSNARD seems effortlessly to merge himself into the foliage, and MARK passes within a few inches of him. LOUISA can't believe it - OSNARD's ability to conceal himself seems quite uncanny. Suddenly he is right beside her and they are both pressed against the same tree in enforced intimacy.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: 64

Then, just as MARK turns in LOUISA's direction, she breaks cover and races for the tree, and HARRY risks breaking cover from another direction - MARK beats HARRY to the tree, LOUISA and MARK just about dead-heat, they're all yelling out at once, and collapsing into each other laughing. When they subside:

HARRY
So where's the elusive Mr. Osnard, eh?

LOUISA
I know.

MARK looks carefully round, then moves in the direction from where LOUISA broke. All the Pendels are looking too, trying to be the first to see him.

OSNARD strolls out from behind a tree - quite the opposite direction from where he was supposed to be, and clears his throat.

They all turn.

MARK
(crossly)
How did you do that?

But it is LOUISA who is most surprised. OSNARD smiles at her, almost shyly, as if his stalking prowess were an offering of love.

65 EXT. ANYTIME ISLAND SHORE. DAY. 65

The boat moored, and a picnic spread out in the shade of the straw hut. Great ships pass in the background. It's near the end of the meal, the kids are getting a bit restless - not so OSNARD, who is reclining elegantly on one elbow with his glass of wine.

OSNARD
Well, I had absolutely no idea that Panama was going to turn out to be so delightful.

LOUISA
It's a beautiful country.

OSNARD
I was thinking about the people. Meant a lot to me, being allowed to tag along today.

(CONTINUED)

HARRY
Been a real pleasure to have you along, Andy. Hasn't it, darling?

LOUISA smiles, not willing to commit herself.

MARK
Can we go and see the monkeys, Dad? There's a monkey island, Andy, and a monkey man who looks after them! And a very clever spider monkey called Abigail.

HARRY
What does the birthday girl say?

SARAH
Can Andy come too?

LOUISA
No, Andy can stay and keep me company. You go with your father.

The idea makes HARRY nervous. He hangs there but the children drag him away. They embark in the launch and set off for a neighbouring island a hundred yards distant. LOUISA watches them depart then turns to OSNARD and says quite pleasantly:

LOUISA
So Andy, maybe you wouldn't mind telling me what the hell's going on?

OSNARD returns her smile, but his head at this moment is all over the place: what indeed is going on? Has PENDEL recruited her or hasn't he? He buys time:

OSNARD
Sorry?

LOUISA
You and Harry have something between you. I can feel it. He's been a changed man ever since he met you. Sneaky. Secretive. I'm his enemy. You're his friend. If I didn't know him better, I'd say you were a pair of gays.

OSNARD takes a pull from his silver hip flask. And boy, does he need one. He passes the flask to LOUISA and spots the enthusiasm with which she downs a generous slug.

OSNARD
You want it straight?

LOUISA
Always.

OSNARD
You'll keep it secret?

LOUISA
If I have to.

OSNARD
You do. And he's told you nothing - absolutely nothing?

LOUISA
Zero.

OSNARD has established that the field is clear. He goes for the partial hang-out, watching her constantly, fitting his lies to her reactions, feeding her whatever it will take to bring her to him.

OSNARD
Information is my business. Gossip. Bazaar gossip. Harry's kind o' gossip. He's smart, he's down to earth, he has great contacts and no agenda, he's a natural listener and a great British patriot.

LOUISA
(is this the husband she knows?)
Harry? Are you talking about spying?

OSNARD
(anticipating her question)
That's much too heavy a word for what Harry's doing.

LOUISA
Are you paying him?

OSNARD
No money in it, I'm afraid. Just the honour and the privilege of service.

He hands her the flask. She takes another pull.

OSNARD (cont'd)
Oh, we may pick up the odd tab for him, and a few years from now, if all goes well, we'll probably ask him to be Honorary Consul.

He takes back the flask and puts the neck in his own mouth. There is something sexy about the way he doesn't bother to wipe it clean of her saliva.

Hoots of merriment from neighbouring Monkey Island across the water.

LOUISA is struggling to maintain her balance. OSNARD is somehow lying even closer to her. She feels herself falling under his spell. She takes a deep breath and forces herself to get to her feet.

LOUISA
(with determined aggression)
Is this why Harry's been sneaking looks at my private papers?

OSNARD hauls himself up and puts a reassuring hand on her shoulder. She turns away along the beach but doesn't object to his touch. He follows at her side. He draws her a little closer and their thighs brush together.

OSNARD
(acting appalled)
Oh no! Harry! Oh bless him! That really is going too far... . spying on his own wife... I'm terribly sorry.
(he would laugh if it were not so serious)
Still I suppose you are the Canal, aren't you? You sit at Ernie Delgado's right hand... and Harry's only too aware that we're desperate to know what's going to become of the wretched thing.

LOUISA
(tense, defensive)
The Canal is going to run the way it's always been run. Ernie Delgado will make sure it does.

OSNARD
(smooth as silk)
Britain's a tiny offshore island, Louisa. Trade's our lifeblood. The Canal's our main artery. You can't blame us if we need constant reassurance... Harry's just trying to help.

She stops and turns to him and then is disconcerted to find her face so close to his. Too fiercely:

LOUISA
Don't use him. I love him.

OSNARD
(handing her the flask again)
As we both do.

He hovers over her as though about to kiss her. She doesn't know if she would let him or not. Shrieks from the monkeys and children. He turns away from her with a smile.

66 EXT. MONKEY ISLAND. DAY. 66

A nature reserve devoted to monkeys. HARRY and THE KIDS, under the guidance of the MONKEY WARDEN, are tempting spider monkeys with scraps of food.

SARAH
Abigail... Abigail...

67 DELETED 67

68 EXT. ANYTIME ISLAND. DAY. 68

LOUISA and OSNARD are, not exactly swimming, but lolling in the tepid water. They are very relaxed and intimate.

LOUISA
Harry never looked at anyone but me. He just treated me like a princess, the way no one had ever treated me before. Flowers, every day. Love letters.

OSNARD
Did he have to get Arthur Braithwaite's blessing?

LOUISA
He called him. At the hospital in London. The old man was on his deathbed.

OSNARD
Oh God. Did Harry fly back for the funeral?

LOUISA
Arthur expressly told him not to. It was their last conversation. Harry was just wiped out.

OSNARD
I'm sure he was.

He floats closer to her and hands her the flask. She drinks.

OSNARD (cont'd)
And the two of you have lived happily ever after ever since.

LOUISA
Totally. Till you came along.

She hands back the flask. He's not sure what signal she's sending. He decides to probe.

OSNARD
Don't you ever feel like breaking out - running wild - just for badness?

LOUISA
(she is a bit tipsy in the drowsy afternoon heat)
Never, never, never, never, never. Everything that's good in me, I owe it to Harry. Exclusively. He's my anchor. He's my virtue, for fuck's sake. Without him I'd be... oh Jesus, Andy...

OSNARD
... you'd be like Harry without Arthur Braithwaite.

LOUISA
Precisely. Exactly. You got it on the nose, Mr. Osnard.

They are on the other side of the island but they can see HARRY and the KIDS returning on the launch. It weaves its way between huge ships that pass in both directions between the buoys, always seeming about to collide, and somehow missing one another...

LOUISA moves guiltily away from OSNARD, then is annoyed at herself for feeling guilt. It doesn't escape OSNARD.

She climbs out of the water.

LOUISA (cont'd)
We can cut back through the trees.

He follows her. It is dark and humid in the tropical wood. She picks her way along a trail.

LOUISA (cont'd)
Did we have this conversation. I mean officially?
(MORE)

68 CONTINUED: (2)

LOUISA (contid)
(with distaste)
I mean have you dragged me into some kind of complicity against my husband?

OSNARD
Good Lord, no. You must play it however you want.

LOUISA
Well I guess if I can keep Ernie's secrets, I can keep yours.

As they emerge from the trees, HARRY and the KIDS are already there gathering up the picnic things. HARRY senses something has happened between them. He searches their faces but can decipher no signals.

69 INT. HARRY'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT. 69

HARRY is fussing about the room tidying up. He looks up nervously as LOUISA comes down the stairs.

LOUISA
Fast asleep.

HARRY
Think she enjoyed her day.

LOUISA
I think so too.

HARRY
And did you?

LOUISA
Yeah. Kind of.

She looks at him. HARRY is not a fool. OSNARD means more to her than she is prepared to let on, and he knows it.

HARRY
(nervous)
So what did you and Andy find to talk about?

LOUISA
You, mostly.

HARRY
Bit of a boring topic, wasn't it?

LOUISA
Not at all.

69 CONTINUED: 69

HARRY is mystified. How much does Louisa know? What has Osnard told her? Has she rumbled me?

LOUISA, too, seems uncertain how to go on.

LOUISA (cont'd)
You're a very surprising person, Harry.

HARRY
After all these years.

LOUISA
(a flash of anger, but also of guilt)
Just don't come between me and Ernie, okay? That's off limits. Totally. Now and ever more. Okay?

HARRY
Okay, Lou. Absolutely. Done.

A pause. He's still anxious, relieved, can hardly believe he seems to be getting away with it. LOUISA feels a mixture of things - HARRY's not having an affair, or in any shady deal, he's become more interesting to her because of OSNARD's revelation - and something about the aura of sex that OSNARD carries round with him.

LOUISA
Harry.

HARRY
What?

LOUISA
Let's go to bed.

70 INT. OSNARD'S APARTMENT. NIGHT. 70

The bedroom - but we can see through to the living room. Expensive-looking, bland, anonymous. Though the bed is in a bit of a state. A bottle of Dom Perignon in a bucket beside it.

FRANCESCA is coming, out of control, with sobs.

FRANCESCA
Oh, God...oh God...oh....you <u>bastard</u> ....

OSNARD
Good?

70 CONTINUED: 70

FRANCESCA
You know it is...

Half laughing, half crying, abandoned, amazed at herself. OSNARD very much in control. This is the keenest of pleasures for him, to be in control while the other person is out of it.

FRANCESCA
(continuing)
I had no idea.

OSNARD
(stroking her gently)
You've got a gift for it.

FRANCESCA
What?

OSNARD
Letting go. Few people can.

FRANCESCA
I never knew I could.

OSNARD takes a swig of champagne but doesn't swallow. Instead he puts his mouth to hers and lets her drink.

OSNARD
That's my gift.

FRANCESCA
What is?

OSNARD
Helping people to see what they're capable of.

He smiles at her.

FRANCESCA
(she's in love with him)
You are <u>evil</u>.

The phone rings. OSNARD picks it up. He turns away from FRANCESCA.

OSNARD
Condor... Bit of a bad time actually. Yes, well, I didn't know what she knew, did I... I'm sure you handled it like a master.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED: (2) 70

FRANCESCA buries her head in OSNARD's lap, borrowing like an animal.

OSNARD
(continuing)
... had to think on my feet, you see...All right, if you must. Rendezvous number three. Remember where that is? - Good. Twenty three hundred hours. Okay.

He puts the phone down, .

FRANCESCA
Was that him? Was that Buchan?

OSNARD
(starting to dress)
Maybe.

FRANCESCA
Who is he?

OSNARD
(stroking her)
He's my bum boy. Sings treble in the Vienna Boys' Choir.

FRANCESCA
You are such a sod. Is there a crisis?

OSNARD
(glancing at his watch)
It's minor stuff.

As OSNARD retrieves his pants from the floor he glances out of the window. Outside in the Punta Paitilla a car is parked with its engine idling. OSNARD eases back behind the curtain. He goes on dressing. When he looks again the car pulls away revealing a very big man, a SENTINEL, alone with his cell phone.

71 EXT. CAESAR'S PALACE HOTEL. NIGHT. 71

Panama City's most expensive, shiniest, biggest, gaudiest hotel. A taxi draws up at the main entrance, FLUNKIES descend on it, HARRY PENDEL emerges.

72 INT. CAESAR'S PALACE HOTEL. LOBBY. NIGHT. 72

Milling Tourists, Japanese DELEGATIONS, the odd press PHOTOGRAPHER snapping. HARRY approaches the reception desk.

72 CONTINUED: 72

OSNARD has concealed himself in the bar where, bizarrely, a man is playing a pipe organ. OSNARD has a house phone to his ear and a view of the reception desk. He watches HARRY'S arrival.

HARRY finally gets the attention of the DESK CLERK.

HARRY
Carruthers to see Mr Delaware.

DESK CLERK
(looking it up)
Ah, yes. He just checked in. Suite 724.

THE CLERK's phone buzzes. He picks it up, listens, looks at HARRY in surprise.

DESK CLERK (contíd)
It's for you, Sir.

Panic on HARRY'S face.

OSNARD speaks into the phone.

OSNARD
I was followed. Big chinese fellow. He's watching you now. If he gets into the elevator with you, hop out at the last moment.

HARRY walks stiffly to the elevator like a condemned man to the gallows, his eyes glazed. He follows several people into a waiting elevator.

The CHINESE MAN steps in beside him. HARRY studies him in his peripheral vision. Could this be one of the CHINESE DINGBATS who removed half of Marta's face.

As the doors at last begin to close, HARRY clicks his fingers, 'forgotten something.' He leaps out. The doors close behind him.

OSNARD passes him with the slightest of nods indicating that HARRY should follow him. He leads him out through a side door of the hotel.

73 EXT NARROW LANE NIGHT 73

The lane leads to the back of the hotel. Delivery trucks are parked.

OSNARD
Know'im? Ever seen 'im before?

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED: 73

HARRY is too shaken to speak. He still has that 'frozen' look on his face.

OSNARD (contíd)
I said - have you ever seen 'im before?

HARRY
He could be the one who did Marta's face.

OSNARD
Could be?

HARRY
I can't be sure, Andy.

OSNARD
(a sneer)
They all look alike to you, do they? The Chinese. Is that it?

OSNARD seems to know where he is going. They emerge into one of the seedier sections of the city. A YOUNG GUY is walking behind them. Is he following them?

OSNARD (contíd)
So what's this crisis that warrants dragging me out of the saddle on a Sunday night?

HARRY
(lamely)
About Louisa. I thought I should warn you.

OSNARD
She's some woman, Harry. I envy you. The way she looks up to you. You're her moral centre, her virtue, she tells me.

HARRY
I do my best.

OSNARD
Just like Arthur Braithwaite was to you, is what she said. I enjoyed the comparison.

HARRY CONT'D
(alarmed)
You didn't say anything?

OSNARD
Now would I ever?

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED: (2) 73

HARRY CONT'D
I was being what she wanted. What do you expect me to tell her: I was brought up by an old Jew in the rag trade, and burned his frocks as a favour?

OSNARD
Hated the old fellow, did you?

HARRY
(indignant)
I loved him. I revere him. I dressed him up as Arthur Braithwaite. Gave him a good suit is all.

OSNARD
(sarcastic)
Clothes maketh the man, and all that.
(spotting a night club)
I know this place. We can talk in there.

HARRY is still distraught but he allows himself to be led in to a shady looking dive with a winking red light announcing itself as THE BACK ENTRANCE.

74 INT THE BACK ENTRANCE NIGHT 74

Smokey, crowded, dimly-lit. Gay men are dancing enthusiastically to Salsa music. HARRY is dubious. OSNARD enjoys HARRY'S discomfort.

OSNARD
Let's dance.
(He leads HARRY on to the floor.)
Come on. Camp it up a bit.

HARRY winces. Worse still, the music changes to a slow ballad.

OSNARD
I'll lead.

OSNARD holds him close.

OSNARD (contid)
So, I gather you've made no attempt to recruit her so far.

HARRY
As of now that is correct.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED: 74

OSNARD
She struck me as being perfectly approachable. Thought I might have a go at her myself.

HARRY
No, Andy. You mustn't do that.

OSNARD
So this is what you came to tell me: "Lay off her."

HARRY
No. I came to tell you I've had enough. I want out.

OSNARD
I don't think so, Harry. You've taken the money. I want something for it. When you snapped those documents, did you read them?

HARRY
I was pushed for time, Andy.

OSNARD
Pension scheme for lock keepers. Dredging contract. Water analysis. Zilch. Time to deliver, Harry. I'm tired of your bullshit.

HARRY
I can't go on with it.

OSNARD
Want me to tell Louisa about Harry the convict?

HARRY tenses. He stops in his tracks, hunching up in his old fighter stance.

HARRY
Tell me what you want.

OSNARD
Keep moving. Don't act so butch.

HARRY resumes reluctantly.

74 CONTINUED: (2) 74

OSNARD (contid)
If Delgado is flogging off the canal on the instructions of the President, what's the price, which end buyer's name is on the contract, when's it going to be signed - date and place - and how much are Delgado and the Pres creaming off for themselves?

HARRY is not looking too good.

HARRY
Right...

OSNARD
(he is becoming deadly, almost reckless)
Then there's your half of the bargain. Abraxas. The Silent Opposition. I want the same clear signals. Are they going for direct action or not?

HARRY
(not quite understanding the term)
Direct action being in this case?

OSNARD
Shootibangs, for fuck's sake. Raising the level of proletarian consciousness - putting bombs in market places - gunning down a couple o' millionaires.

HARRY
(shocked)
Oh I don't think so, Andy. Not Mickie. Not Marta.

OSNARD
So what the fuck are they doing? If they're buying arms - who from? When? Where? Who gets 'em? And what are they going to do with the fuckers when they've got 'em? Because this time they've got to do a bit more than tool around in white shirts and get the shit beaten out of them by the Dingbats -

HARRY is in a cold sweat. The close proximity to OSNARD is becoming unbearable.

74 CONTINUED: (3) 74

HARRY
I've got to get out of here. I can't think. I can't breathe.

75 EXT.THE BACK ENTRANCE NIGHT. 75

They push through the knot of men at the door and walk up the street in silence. Is it the same YOUNG GUY who falls in behind them? He is wearing Walkman earphones, or could it be a listeniong device?

OSNARD
So get me some answers. Your arse is on the line. London's coming up to the wire. You come through with the stuff, we make you rich. You don't - we may feel obliged to tell the Pans you've been spying for the Yanks. You and Louisa both.

HARRY is angry and humiliated but he takes a deep breath, and the fluence comes flooding back to him.

HARRY
I haven't come clean with you Andy. I've been dragging my feet. At Mickie's behest, I must add.
(dramatic pause)
He has a big arms shipment on the way. But he plans to pay for it from another source.

OSNARD is sucked in again, half believing it.

OSNARD
Oh, yeah? And who the fuck would that be?

HARRY
He won't say.

OSNARD
No. He wouldn't, would he? How much?

HARRY
It's big money, Andy. "Harry," he said, "your guys pay peanuts. This is out of their league."

OSNARD, stops, beguiled. He smiles benignly.

OSNARD
Well, this is an interesting development, Harry. Give me a ball park figure.

75 CONTINUED: 75

HARRY looks him in the eye, doesn't so much as blink.

HARRY
We're talking ten million dollars, Andy.

OSNARD savours the figure, turns it on his tongue. He can taste it.

OSNARD
Ten million dollars. Tell him to hold off. Maybe I can get it.

76 INT. HARRY'S SHOP. DAY. 76

Relaxation time in the clubroom. TEDDY the BEAR, RAFI DOMINGO, and a racially assorted team of "CLUBMEN", with HARRY in attendance, drink and gossip.

TEDDY
(slyly)
Harry, I hear Delgado's setting up a Canal police force with powers to search the ships.

DOMINGO
It'll never happen. It would kill the drug trade, the arms trade, everything we hold dear. The way it is now, you pay your dues, you don't piss in the locks, they don't fuck with you.

General laughter, except for TEDDY THE BEAR who gives a little chuckle...

Behind the fitting room curtain, the vast, ghostly shadow of MICKIE ABRAXAS clambering into a new suit.

TEDDY
Does Louisa know about this little plan, Harry?

HARRY
(angry)
If you think Louisa would <u>ever</u>...

DOMINGO
Take it easy, Harry. Time you took some holiday. You look fucked out.

HARRY
(strung up, not himself at all)
Maybe if you paid your bill I might be able to.

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED: 76

TEDDY
(ominously)
Maybe you'd be healthier if you stuck to tailoring.

MICKIE
(through the fitting room curtain as he shoves it aside)
Hey, Harry! You call this a suit?

He emerges wearing a half-made fawn suit that looks completely wrong on him, a sad, fat, ugly, clown. Spontaneous and unfortunate laughter from the CLUBMEN, which makes MICKIE angry and embarrassed.

MICKIE
This is not a suit! This is a piece of shit!

He waves his arms and pins drop out, a sleeve flaps. More laughter from the CLUBMEN.

HARRY
Mickie, it's fine, it's the first fitting, everything can be fixed!

MICKIE
I think maybe I'll go down the road to Armani and get myself a proper suit, yeah?

The CLUBMEN laugh again. TEDDY's hard little eyes are fixed on HARRY, who is pale and breathing heavily, his face a mixture of fear, guilt and internal mayhem. The laughter of the CLUBMEN taunts them both. This is Latin America.

MICKIE (cont'd)
Ah, he doesn't like it when I talk about Armani! Why do you make me this shit, Harry? Why can't you make suits like Armani?

HARRY
Why can't I make suits like Armani? You think Armani could make a suit like Harry Pendel? Okay! Get out, fuck off, go down the road, buy an Armani, save yourself a thousand dollars! See if I care! At Pendel & Braithwaite you get Savile Row bespoke tailoring with four hundred years of tradition behind it. Down the road, you get an Italian gents' outfitter.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED: (2) 76

HARRY (contid)
If you don't understand the difference, save your money! The whole country's going down the plughole, nobody cares! Someone has to stand up and be counted. Someone has to say: here I am and this is what I stand for - impeccable standards and old-fashioned integrity! And if you don't like it, you can go down the road! But let me tell you something, gentlemen! When you've gone down that road, you can never come back! When you've gone down that road, it's all over! It's curtains! And I'm not just talking about Panama! I'm talking about the whole human race!

He has stunned his audience into shocked silence. No one has ever heard HARRY go on like that before. MARTA has come from her desk. Some of the Chinese making-up TAILORS have come out of their little cubby-holes to gawp at the boss in full swing. Silently MARTA opens the door to the staircase and stands holding it there. Taking the hint the CLUBMEN gradually file out, all but TEDDY the BEAR who appears not to notice the exodus. Until:

MARTA
You too. Get out.

TEDDY shakes his head. She will regret this.

HARRY takes MICKIE by the arm and leads him back to the fitting room.

77 INT. FITTING ROOM. DAY. 77

Tears in MICKIE's eyes. And HARRY's too. Two men embrace.

MICKIE
It was only the pants, Harry, I swear to God.

He takes them off. The curtain remains open. MICKIE is in his shirt-tails.

MARTA
(speaking from the clubroom through the open curtain)
Teddy the Bear came to see Mickie. He brought two goons with him. They said they were Ministry of Interior.

HARRY
Teddy?

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED: 77

MARTA
Of course, Teddy. He's the worst of them. They pay him, the ruling families. He takes money to inform on his friends.

MICKIE
They've been asking around about me, Harry. My friends... Rafi...

MARTA
They came to me too.

HARRY
What do they want?

MICKIE
The Bear thinks we're in some kind of political thing. Against the System. Like the old times.

HARRY
You and Marta?

MARTA
You and Mickie.

HARRY
But why would they think that?

MARTA
Maybe you know, Harry?

MICKIE
I couldn't do it again, Harry. No more prison. They break you in there. You got so much courage in life. When it's spent, it's gone. Then you got none left.

HARRY
I know what you mean. I've been there. I know.

The words are so pregnantly said that MICKIE and MARTA both stare at him. But HARRY seems oblivious of their curiosity.

HARRY (cont'd)
(to Marta)
And they came to <u>you</u>?

MICKIE
There's a big Chinese. The same man who beat her before.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED: (2) 77

HARRY
To your flat in El Chorillo? What did they do to you?

MARTA
Nothing. They wanted information. If I didn't give it them, they said they would make sure I would look the same both sides.

HARRY
What information?

MARTA
About the two of you. How often you meet. What you talk about.

HARRY
What did you say?

MICKIE
She don't talk. She never talk.

MARTA
I said this is a democracy. I don't have to talk to the private police of the Thirty Ruling Familes?

HARRY crosses the Clubroom to an antique desk, rummages in the drawers. MARTA and MICKIE follow him.

HARRY
I want you both to get out of town. Take a holiday. There's a fireworks festival in Guarare. You love fireworks, Mickie, you know you do.

MARTA
I hate them.

HARRY has found what he is looking for: a door-key with a label attached to it. He hands it to MARTA.

HARRY
Here. Address on the label. Pete Abuleira lent it to me, for while he's in Miami recovering his reputation.

MARTA
What are <u>you</u> going to do?

77 CONTINUED: (3) 77

HARRY
Sort it out. Call in some favours. Talk to people I know.

MARTA
(handing Mickie the key and guiding him to the door)
Better we go in separate cars. I follow you. Take care.
(kissing him)
No drinking now. You drank enough already.

HARRY draws MARTA to one side, holds her, whispers.

HARRY
I never lied to you, Marta. You know that? I may not have told you everything. But what I told you was true. There's only so many people you can do that to... tell the truth. Other people...they're different...they've got to be...

MARTA
(massaging again)
...Tailored.

HARRY
Helped. Yes.

MARTA
(kisses him)
You flatter them. You make things up. They start believing you, Harry.

78 INT PANAMA CITY AIRPORT - CONCOURSE DAY 78

All the confusion and chaos of a tropical airport and, as usual, the air conditioning has broken down. OSNARD surveys the passengers pouring off the London flight. He spots his boss, LUXMORE, a grizzled little Scotsman nearing the end of a distinguished but faintly disappointing career in British Intelligence. They greet each other discreetly. LUXMORE looks uneasily at the roiling crowd and indicates to OSNARD that they should keep walking.

LUXMORE
(out of the side of his mouth)
Andrew, the winds of fortune took me to Caracas yesterday which allows me this quick stop over.
(consults his watch)
I'm on my way to Washington.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

78 CONTINUED: 78

LUXMORE (contid)
Our revered leader, Henry Cavendish, is coming too. Jumping on the band wagon.
(a rueful snort)
There's prestige at stake, you see. We've not had much to crow about in the Service these last years.

He scans left and right then pulls OSNARD to a wall phone, puts the receiver to his ear, gestures OSNARD to pick up the next phone. He does. They are now just a foot apart.

LUXMORE (contid)
Now Andrew, I've come all this way to look you in the eye and ask you this. Can you back it up? Are we copper-bottomed?

OSNARD looks back steadily. He pauses.

OSNARD
Yes.

LUXMORE glares at him fiercely for a long moment. Then he grins. OXNARD has passed scrutiny.

LUXMORE
How much are they asking for?

OSNARD
(keeping a straight face)
Fifteen million.

LUXMORE
If I get it for you, can you guarantee action?

OSNARD (contid)
Absolutely. Can't rush it, mind. Need nursing, these people. Time to organise.

LUXMORE
Go after them, Andrew. Push. The iron is hot. Strike!

79 EXT. PENTAGON. DAY. 79

Flagged military staff cars with motorcycle escort pull up at the main entrance. Out of one steps CAVENDISH, LUXMORE'S boss and LUXMORE himself, trying to look as if he does it every day. Out of another car, General DUSENBAKER, former commander of of US Army in Panama.

80 INT. PENTAGON. CONFERENCE ROOM. DAY. 80

Room equipped for the World's Game. At the long table, US Army, Airforce and Naval BIGWIGS, SPOOKS in suits, General DUSENBAKER, LUXMORE, CAVENDISH. The mood is hardball, reactionary and tense. Among the US military personnel, General MORECOMBE, an old sparring partner of LUXMORE, sits centre table opposite him. The meeting is chaired by ELLIOTT, a tall intellectual civilian with an old-style manner.

MORECOMBE
(banter)
How's the Empire, Scotty?

LUXMORE
Ever shrinking, but still far flung.

MORECOMBE
That's what I like about spying. Size doesn't matter. Little guys, big guys. Same with countries. You can be the world's only superpower, or you can be a has-been little island with nothing to lose but its illusions. Long as you've got a few secrets to put on the table, nobody gives a shit.

ELLIOT
(calling the meeting to order)
Panama, gentlemen, Panama. Joe - want to kick off?

JOE turns out to be a grey-souled meek-mannered US analyst of thirty-five. He clears his throat and reads from notes. Who teaches these people to talk like this? JOE has one of those weird flat technical voices that resemble a speaking clock.

JOE
Sir, basically we have a situation here, we have a divergence of perception here. British liaison material characterises advanced internal unrest in Panama, also major duplicity at Panamanian government level involving a Canal sellout to the detriment of the US and its partners, also the imminence of a civil uprising to forestall the illegal disposal of a major Panamanian asset for the sole gain of the conspirators at the top.

DUSENBAKER
It's <u>our</u> damned asset. We built it, we ran it.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED: 80

DUSENBAKER (contid)
Lot of fine Americans gave their lives for it. And if a bunch of liberal faggots in State hadn't pissed away their birthright -

ELLIOT
(quelling him)
Thank you, Mort.

JOE
Sir, after Operation Just Cause in 1989 the Panamanian threat was considered eliminated. Routine technological coverage remained in place, however. At this time, US Signals intelligence provides no collateral to support the British position. Sigint portrays a corrupt but peaceable administration, functioning within a broad definition of democracy.

ELLIOT turns to GENERAL MORECOMBE.

ELLIOT
How do you read this, Tex?

MORECOMBE
(doesn't believe a word of it)
I think it'll play on the Hill.

81 EXT. ROAD TO GUARARE. PANAMA. NIGHT. 81

MICKIE ABRAXAS is driving his car unsteadily along a winding, poorly made road. A bottle of whisky, half empty, lies on the passenger seat beside him, rolling with the curves. MICKIE's face is anguished. He is sweating and drunk. TWO POLICEMEN flag him down with elongated ping-pong bats. Check point. He pulls up. They walk round his car, demand to see his papers. He opens the glove compartment. It contains his wallet and a 9mm Browning automatic. His hand hesitates. He chooses the wallet, takes out a twenty dollar bill.

LUXMORE'S VOICE OVER
Their leading man is one Michelangelo Abraxas, known to many I am sure as the elusive Pimpernel of the popular movement against General Manuel Noriega. Abraxas is a man of proven integrity, skilled in clandestine warfare...

82 INT. PENTAGON. A LECTURE ROOM. NIGHT. 82

Time has passed. The conference has adjourned to a darkened lecture theatre where slides are being projected.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: 82

The room is horseshoe-shaped. Scotty LUXMORE, vast against the screen, gestures with a wand. The madness of male conspiracy in smoke-filled rooms is upon us.

On the screen, an impressive Order of Battle of the Silent Opposition. MICKIE's name and photograph have pride of place at the top.

LUXMORE
His second in command - but I submit his equal in skill and resolution - is codename MARTA, another veteran of the anti-Noriega resistance. For cover purposes she is employed as accountant-receptionist by our own Panamanian head agent - the redoutable Buchan.

83 83

INT. PENTAGON. NIGHT.

A more leisured atmosphere, perhaps a different room again. Cigars, armchairs, crossed legs. The CONSPIRATORS in a relaxed half-circle. On the wall, an illuminated map of Panama that makes it look like the navel of the universe. CAVENDISH has the floor.

CAVENDISH
If I may say so, Elliott, a silent opposition doesn't send radio messages. Half of 'em don't even possess telephones. Why else would they call themselves silent? They're a life force, not an embassy. Fishermen, small farmers, peasants, have-nots, penniless students. People we wouldn't entertain in the woodshed.
(he allows time for the laughter to subside)
Did US intelligence predict the rise and rise of Ayatollah Khomeini? Did it hell. Why not? Because he wasn't organised the way you boys expect people to be. Abraxas is no different.

MORECOMBE
So why should we support him, Geoff?

CAVENDISH
Because if we don't, someone else will. Because the Silent Opposition is the new Panama in the new millennium. And getting in on the ground floor with these chaps is the sweetest, cheapest way of saving the Canal.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED: 83

ELLIOT
D'you personally believe that this Abraxas is presidential material?

CAVENDISH
(deferring to Luxmore)
Scotty?

LUXMORE
Abraxas is world class. Courageous, unsullied, incorruptible. A man to dream of when you're shaping nations...

84 EXT. GUARARE. A TOWN STREET. NIGHT. 84

MICKIE's car is parked outside a lighted house. The door stands open. Seriously drunk, Mickie is unloading a case of scotch from the car. A police car crawls into view, bearing down on MICKIE.

LUXMORE
(continued, voice over)
...but Abraxas can't go it alone. He needs our support. Now.

85 INT. PENTAGON. NIGHT. 85

LUXMORE
If US military assistance is guaranteed, Senor Abraxas and his troops will launch an armed attack on the government. They will commandeer radio stations and the Canal Administration Office. Subject to an advance payment for arms, equipment and medical supplies.

ELLIOT
How much?

LUXMORE
The kind of money you boys leave under the plate.

ELLIOT
How much?

LUXMORE
Twenty million dollars.

85 CONTINUED: 85

DUSENBAKER
(a sanctified voice)
Elliot, may I say a couple of words, please.

It is an Ollie-North-like moment of shine. By his tone, DUSENBAKER has already invoked God. People stiffen warily, compose their faces. The whole focus is suddenly upon this much decorated, beautifully preserved, god-like icon of the American military culture.

DUSENBAKER (cont'd)
I'm only a rookie at heart, Elliot. Don't know too much about the ins and outs of politics. But I know this. I was the last American Commander in Panama. I had the task of taking our men out of there. Only retreat of my career. It broke my heart. There's a missing star on our flag, gentlemen. It looks to me that God has given us a second chance here.

As the dutiful applause breaks out, CAVENDISH and LUXMORE, fix their eyes devoutly on Heaven.

86 INT. OSNARD'S APARTMENT. NIGHT. 86

FRANCESCA dozes naked and sated on the bed as OSNARD, half asleep himself, gropes for the heavy digital phone.

OSNARD
Yes? Listening, sir...

87 INT PENTAGON NIGHT 87

LUXMORE is in a cubicle speaking into an elaborate digitally encrypted phone. He cannot conceal his glee.

LUXMORE
...They went over like nine pins.
(giggling)
Asked for twenty. Thought they'd beat me down. I'm on my way. With a comfortable contingency. Press PLAY, Andy!

88 INT. OSNARD'S APARTMENT. NIGHT. 88

OSNARD hangs up and dials another number.

89 INT HARRY'S SHOP NIGHT 89

HARRY sits at his desk, head in hands. He is alone in the shop. He jumps at the sound of the phone. It is at his ear in an instant.

90 INT OSNARD'S APARTMENT NIGHT 90

FRANCESCA looks up quizzically.

OSNARD
Tell M. I couldn't get him ten. He'll have to make do with eight.

91 INT HARRY'S SHOP NIGHT 91

HARRY hunches over the phone, hand cupped over the mouth piece.

HARRY
He's gone to ground, Andy. Decided to put it all on hold for a while. Big re-think.(listens, horrified) Too late for what? The Americans?

The phone goes dead. HARRY stands up, the phone dangling in his hand. He looks imploringly at the Painting of Braithwaite/Benny.

HARRY CONT'D
Uncle Benny!

But BENNY is mute, dead and gone. Time for Harry to make his own decisions. He strides toward the door, resolute, dangerous.

92 INT BAR UNION CLUB NIGHT 92

The usual mix: POLITICIANS, CROOKS, LAWYERS, the rich, and the beautiful WOMEN attached to them. HARRY threads his way through nodding distractedly to acquaintances - RAMON, the banker, RAFI DOMINGO. His anxious eyes search the room until they light upon TEDDY the BEAR who sits with two MEN, one of them the CHINESE we saw earlier. HARRY goes to TEDDY's table and confronts him in his fighter stance, legs apart, hunched forward, fists clenched. TEDDY looks up, amused at HARRY'S belligerence.

TEDDY
You look like you're taking a dump, Harry.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED: 92

HARRY
Why're you harassing Mickie and Marta?

TEDDY
(a cold-eyed smile)
What are they up to this time, Harry. What are you up to? Spin me one of your yarns.

HARRY is inarticulate with rage. He can hardly get the words out.

HARRY
You want the truth?

TEDDY
You're so full of shit, Harry, you wouldn't know the truth if it bit you in the ass.

HARRY
Well, here it is, Teddy. Print this. The Americans are going to invade again.

TEDDY
Oh, yeah?

HARRY
Yeah! They think the Chinese or someone is trying to take over the Canal.

TEDDY turns to his pals tapping his forehead. Harry's lost it. They laugh disdainfully.

TEDDY
You'll have to come up with something better than that - like you and Micky are getting into the arms trade, for instance.

HARRY
Mickie's not involved. Nor is Marta. You stay away from them, or...

TEDDY
(dismissively)
...or what?

HARRY lunges at him, grabs his lapels. The TWO HEAVIES heave out of their seats and take an arm each and prise HARRY loose. The room freezes. They twist HARRY around. The faces, watching him, relishing it, seem to spin around.

92 CONTINUED: (2) 92

RAMON RUDD, the banker, gets to his feet. TEDDY nods to him. The HEAVIES frog march HARRY out of the room.

INT UNION CLUB - PRIVATE ROOM NIGHT

A small windowless room. The HEAVIES dump HARRY into a chair. RAMON enters. He sits down opposite HARRY.

RAMON
Relax, Harry.
(he waves the HEAVIES away)
So, you have something going. We hear many millions of dollars.

HARRY
Go fuck yourself.

RAMON
Be cool, Harry. This is Panama. You take care of your friends: Teddy. Rafi. Me. Maybe the President. Cut us in. Then you have no trouble.

HARRY gets to his feet, straighten his jacket.

HARRY
You're a disgrace to tnat suit, Ramon.

With considerable dignity he walks past RAMON and out of the door.

93 INT. OSNARD'S APARTMENT. MORNING 93

OSNARD dressing and packing as only men can: in armfuls. FRANCESCA is dressing too, but watching him suspiciously.

OSNARD
What are you looking at?

FRANCESCA
Are you getting ready to skip the country?

OSNARD
Big op brewing. Shit may hit the fan. Might have to beat a retreat.

FRANCESCA
How long for?

OSNARD
Long as it takes.

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED: 93

FRANCESCA
To do what?

OSNARD
Do a duckdive. Change my name. Pop up somewhere else. Start again.

He opens a wallsafe. Inside, wads of dollar bills in elastic bands. He shoves a wad in his back pocket, the rest in the suitcase.

OSNARD (cont'd)
In my line o' business, it pays to jump before you're pushed. More dignified.
(his back to her, but with meaning)
Same in love, my advice. Get out gracefully. Quit while you're ahead.

FRANCESCA
You really are a shit.

OSNARD
Well, you knew that going in.

94 INT. HARRY'S HOUSE. NIGHT. 94

LOUISA stands in the bedroom in her wrap. She has taken a shower and is drying her hair. She has a glass of vodka going. Through the open bathroom door she can see HARRY standing stock still, looking into the mirror. There is something about his stance that unnerves her.

HARRY stares at his reflection as though it belongs to a stranger. The phone is ringing but HARRY at first doesn't hear it above the moan of Louisa's dryer. LOUISA picks up the receiver. The dryer stops moaning.

LOUISA
Is that you, Marta? Speak up, please! Can't hear you! Yes, I'll put Harry on.

There are explosions and fizzing pops behind MARTA'S voice. HARRY is hovering over LOUISA, waiting to get at the phone. He puts it to his ear and turns his back on his wife. That, and his intense anxiety, makes her suspicious. She reaches across him and presses the speaker button.

MARTA
(on phone, sobbing)
Harry, oh Harry. I need you. Can you come? It's Mickie - he's...

94 CONTINUED: 94

The line crackles and goes dead. HARRY stands there stricken.

LOUISA
Oh, so it's Marta, is it. Right under my nose and I never got it.

HARRY
(from far away)
No. You don't understand.

LOUISA
Tell the truth for once, Harry! Be a man. If you love her, go to her.

He is numb with shock.

HARRY
I do love her, Lou. But I've never made love to her.

LOUISA
Get out.

He moves off like a sleepwalker. She watches him go, then runs after him.

LOUISA (contid)
Harry. No! Don't go! I didn't mean it. I know you don't love Marta. Why would you say that?
(she grabs his arm to restrain him)
Talk to me, Harry, don't just go! Harry....

He is rigid. She can feel it. She recoils from him as if he were a stranger to her, which he is.

95 INT. BRITISH EMBASSY. CORRIDOR. NIGHT. 95

A stomp of feet smashing down the corridor. TWO CHANCERY GUARDS lead the march .

Between them - black pouches handcuffed to his wrist - marches LUXMORE. Behind this group, MALTBY, STORMONT, OSNARD, FRANCESCA.

96 INT. HARRY'S DEN. NIGHT. 96

CRASH! - LOUISA with an axe has smashed open a drawer crammed full of dollar bills...

96 CONTINUED: 96

CRASH! - another drawer reveals a mass of papers, including a coloured diagram in Harry's hand with PRESIDENT at the top, DELGADO below him, FRANCE below Delgado, then fan-lines to JAPAN, TAIWAN, MAINLAND CHINA. Another paper, also in Harry's hand, gives us a breakdown of the Silent Opposition.

97 INT HARRY'S CAR NIGHT 97

HARRY is driving flat out through the rain. He takes a corner too fast, skids, recovers, drives on.

98 INT. BRITISH EMBASSY. MALTBY'S OFFICE. NIGHT. 98

MALTBY, STORMONT, OSNARD, FRANCESCA sit at the table with LUXMORE. MALTBY is courteously attentive, OSNARD'S lazy-lidded poker face gives nothing away even to FRANCESCA who keeps stealing glances at him.

LUXMORE
Washington has agreed that as we have the contacts, we should undertake the financing and arming of the, ah, Silent Opposition. And it's been agreed that <u>that</u> task be undertaken by an older hand - by myself, in fact, and on a more formal basis than hitherto.

OSNARD'S hooded eyes flicker. Trouble.

LUXMORE (contíd)
I dare say that'll come as a bit of a relief to you, Andrew. Equipping an army, a tedious business, not the sort of task for your mercurial brain. Best left to us humble planners and plodders.

OSNARD
Fine in principle, Scotty. Just one snag. They won't talk to anyone but me. It's non-negotiable.

MALTBY smiles. He secretly knows the difficulty OSNARD is in.

LUXMORE
I think you'll find, Andy, that however shy they are, they'll see their way to talking to a candid friend with fifteen million dollars to spend on them. Wouldn't you say, Ambassador?

98 CONTINUED: 98

MALTBY
You know, for quite a while I was sceptical about this extraordinarily Silent Opposition, and I always thought Mickie Abraxus was a harmless drunk. Funny how wrong one can be.

OSNARD gives MALTBY a sharp look.

MALTBY (contid)
I believe Andy has an insuperable problem here, in arranging for you to make contact with these people..

His rather reptilian grin indicates to OSNARD that MALTBY is on to him. FRANCESCA is beginning to twig too. But MALTBY'S coded signals go right over LUXMORE'S head.

OSNARD
Fraid so, Scotty. You could put it like this: unless you go through me there is no Silent Opposition.

FRANCESCA gets it. LUXMORE still doesn't.

LUXMORE
You know, it doesn't do to be too possessive, Andrew. We have to be brave and wean them off the Osnard teat, my boy.

FRANCESCA has some trouble with this metaphor.

MALTBY
Might I offer myself as a go-between, so to speak, to verify Andy's disposal of these funds?

LUXMORE
Kind of you to offer, Ambassador. Perhaps so. Meanwhile Andrew can brief me on the details. We have a lot to catch up on, eh? Malt whisky till the small hours in the privacy of your abode is indicated for Osnard and Luxmore, I believe.

Oh, God, thinks OSNARD, who, with other things on his mind, can't think of a good excuse in time.

OSNARD
Sure.

LUXMORE raises his chained wrists proudly, a badge of office.

(CONTINUED)

98 CONTINUED: (2) 98

LUXMORE (contid)
Excellent, gentlemen. Andrew, I take it you have a secure safe in your apartment?.

FRANCESCA intercepts OSNARD'S yearning gaze, not at her, but at SCOTTY'S loot.

OSNARD
Absolutely, sir. Fort Knox.

99 INT BRITISH EMBASSY CORRIDOR NIGHT 99

OSNARD strides down the towards his office. FRANCESCA follows.

FRANCESCA
Andy!

He goes in without stopping. She follows.

100 INT OSNARD'S OFFICE NIGHT. 100

OSNARD goes to the wall safe and opens it. There are thick wads of dollars. He takes a nylon hold all from his desk and starts stuffing them in.

FRANCESCA
You are getting out.

OSNARD
Possibly. Too early to say.

FRANCESCA
But you'll have to, won't you? Because there is no Silent Opposition, is there?

OSNARD
Who told you that?

FRANCESCA
You did, just now, in the meeting. You made it all up, didn't you?

OSNARD
I don't know what you're talking about.

His face is insolently opaque.

FRANCESCA
D'you know, I think you're the wickedest human being I've ever met.

100 CONTINUED: 100

OSNARD
That was the attraction, wasn't it?

They are standing quite close. She is staring intently at him as though seeing him for the first time. He misinterprets.

OSNARD (contid)
How about a farewell fuck? Here in the office. A knee trembler.

FRANCESCA
You know, I think I'm cured.

He shrugs, turns away, and her face reveals that she is not, not quite. He shuts the safe.

MALTBY opens the door without knocking and steps in. He catches the air of intimicy. It pains him.

MALTBY
Excuse me, Francesca. A private word with Andrew.

FRANCESCA leaves with considerable poise, given the circumstances.

MALTBY (contid)
My duty is to inform the Foreign Office of this...travesty.

OSNARD
(reading him right away)
How much is your duty worth?

MALTBY
Two million

OSNARD
One

MALTBY
One and a half.

OSNARD
One and a quarter.

MALTBY
Done.

101 EXT. THE ROAD TO GUARARE. NIGHT. 101

The four-track plunges forward over bad roads. Ahead, a great glow, punctuated with rockets and explosions. HARRY peers through the darkness. The rain has stopped.

Another car. Another time. Another night. HARRY driving, MARTA and MICKIE on the bench seat beside him. MICKIE is singing in his fine voice, the other two la-laing along. Happy and hopeful.

A police car cuts them in. Harry hits the brakes. Blinding light in their eyes. Doors flung open. MARTA dragged out. DINGBATS beat her. MICKIE launches himself at them.

Back in the present, HARRY has been stopped at a check point just outside Guarare. The sky is lit up with fireworks. Same breed of police, contemptuous, arrogant. He sits rigidly behind the wheel while they shine flashlights into the car and into his face. They wave him on.

102 EXT. GUARARE. NIGHT. 102

HARRY is forced to slow as the streets are jammed with revelers. The fireworks festival is in full cry. And while the fireworks explode the town dances: on floats, in different regional costumes, in devil's garb, in 1920s ballroom tail suits and swirling chiffons. As HARRY edges impatiently forward, grinning faces are pressed against his windows and fireworks explode on his windscreen.

LOUISA is beside him, the children in the back. They are laughing delightedly at the fireworks which explode with furious abandon in the town square. For the children's amusement, HARRY mimes being shot as firecrackers go off. As they pass the church a gold and ivory Madonna smiles down at HARRY'S family.

BENNY is next to him now, the family gone.

BENNY
You have a lovely little family, Harry. Only one thing can spoil it.

HARRY CONT'D
What's that, Benny.

BENNY
The Truth, Harry. And that's the honest truth.

103 INT. HARRY'S HOUS NIGHT. 103

LOUISA stan at a window, smoking furiously, drinking vodka, staring at the city.

LOUISA
(calling)
Esmeralda?

LOUISA (cont'd)
Esmeralda!

A rustle from under the balcony. A door creaks. An ancient Indian WOMAN appears at the foot of the balcony steps, stares inscrutably up at her.

LOUISA (cont'd)
(in Spanish)
I'm going out. I want you to mind the children for me.

104 EXT. GUARARE. NIGHT. 104

A side street. People running with flares. HARRY gets out of the car. A banger explodes at his feet. He knocks on a door.

HARRY
Marta! It's me, Harry.

MARTA opens it. She is devastated. He takes her in his arms, holds her. He looks into her eyes. They tell him what he feared.

HARRY (contíd)
Oh, God. Oh, no.

105 INT. OSNARD'S APARTMENT. NIGHT. 105

OSNARD and LUXMORE are sharing a night-cap. Osnard is bored stiff. Luxmore is sentimental, tired and drunk on malt whisky. The two bags sit on the floor beside him. He has removed his handcuffs.

LUXMORE
Napoleon when he was interviewing young officers who wished to serve in his fine army would ask them -

OSNARD
(wearily)
"Are you lucky?"

(CONTINUED)

LUXMORE
You knew, by God!

OSNARD
You told me.

LUXMORE
I'm not imposing on you, am I? The sofa will do me fine. We're not dependent on creature comforts, Andy. We're fieldmen. On the ground.

OSNARD
(dry as dust)
You're not imposing on me in the least. Glad to have you aboard. It may never happen, that's all.

LUXMORE
What do you mean?

OSNARD
The green light from Washington. Just because they've sent the money, doesn't mean they're going to start a world war.

LUXMORE is already shaking his head.

LUXMORE
(He starts violently.)
True, Andy. They need a peg. A story for the front pages. Soldiers raping nuns. Ethnic cleansing. I'm sure something can be arranged.
...Who the devil's that?

It's the doorbell, in one huge sustained peal like a car alarm. OSNARD goes to the front door, peers through the spyhole. We share his image of a distraught LOUISA, wearing only a housecoat.

OSNARD returns to the living room, where LUXMORE cowers behind a door. OSNARD picks up LUXMORE'S nightbag and shoves it into his arms.

OSNARD
It's Buchan Two. We've got a situation. I'll get her into the other room. When you hear the door shut, get out. Take the lift to the lobby. Give the concierge a dollar and he'll get you a taxi to the El Panama. They'll give you a room.

105 CONTINUED: (2) 105

Louisa is banging on the door with the heel of her shoe.

LUXMORE
A taxi? This time of night? I don't speak Spanish, Andy. I'm not armed. Life is cheap here.

OSNARD
(cruelly)
You can handle it. You're a field man, aren't you?.

LUXMORE
What about the bags?

OSNARD
I'll guard them with my life. Trust me.

He goes to the front door, unchains it, slides the bolts, turns the key. The ringing and banging continue throughout. He opens the door and hauls LOUISA in, shutting the door behind him.

OSNARD
(continuing)
Hello, Louisa! Something on your mind?

LOUISA
You bastard! What have you done to my husband - ?

She has the lighter-camera in her hand. She swings at him, meaning to hit him with it. But that's as much as she manages before he clamps his hand over her mouth and forces her, kicking, biting and fighting into the darkened bedroom, holding her tight against him. He shuts the bedroom door by leaning back against it, waits till he hears the front door open and close. The lighter falls to the floor.

LOUISA
(struggling)
What the <u>fuck</u> have you been playing at? What's this stuff about Delgado and Abraxas?

OSNARD
(still holding her)
Don't worry about it.. It's crap. It's a game. It's nothing.

LOUISA
Where's Harry? What have you done with him?

OSNARD
Harry's okay. I'm taking care of him.
Relax. I'm going to take care of you too.

He is behind her, his arms pinning her.

LOUISA
Get your hands off me.

OSNARD
Can't let you go at the moment, old girl.
You'd embarrass me in front of my boss.

He loosens his grip, begins to caress her. He puts his mouth to her ear.

OSNARD (contíd)
We both know what you came for.

She wrenches an arm free, turns and hits him full in the face. He steps back, releasing her.

He dabs at the blood trickling from his nose.

LOUISA
How far has this gone? How deep have you got Harry into this thing?

OSNARD
Well, London...

LOUISA
Have the Americans got wind of it?

OSNARD
Possibly.

LOUISA
Well, you've got it all wrong. Delgado is straight as an arrow. But the President and his cronies are trying to sell the canal from under him.

OSNARD
(astonished and unable to conceal it)
They are? Who to?

LOUISA
I'm not sure. Hong Kong is involved.
Maybe China.

105 CONTINUED: (4) 105

OSNARD
I thought Harry made it all up.

LOUISA
It's important Washington gets to hear about this. They have to step in.

OSNARD
It's as good as done.

LOUISA
And get out of my way.

She heads for the door. He is still barring her way. He looks into her eyes. She weakens. He knows she is under his spell.

LOUISA (contíd)
Please.

He steps aside and she passes out of his life.

106 EXT. HOUSE. GUARARE. NIGHT. 106

The darkened room is lit intermittently by the fireworks outside. They reveal the grotesque sight of MICKIE sitting in a chair, empty bottles round him. The back of his head half blown off, yet his face - apart from powder burns around the mouth - is curiously untouched and serene. He has one hand in the air, resting on the back of the chair. His 9mm Browning automatic is still clutched in it. HARRY is crouched on the floor, MARTA in his arms.

HARRY
I killed him, Marta. I killed him with bullshit.

MARTA.
He said the police were coming for him. He said, 'tell Harry I'm sorry.'

HARRY
And I never finished his suit. Six ounce worsted.

Is HARRY losing his grip on reality?

HARRY (contíd)
It would have given him back his dignity. He wouldn't have shot himself in that suit, Marta.

106 CONTINUED: 106

MARTA
He was always going to do it, Harry. He was just looking for a good enough excuse.

A long silence that is like prayer.

MARTA (contíd)
What are we going to do?

HARRY gets to his feet. He takes the gun from MICKIES's hand and gently folds his arm across his chest.

HARRY CONT'D
I'm going to put things right. What ever can be put right.

107 INT OSNARD'S FLAT NIGHT 107

OSNARD is standing by the window. He lights a cigarette. He searches the street. No one watching as far as he can see.

The phone rings. OSNARD picks it up.

OSNARD
Yup. Harry! My man!
(genially)
Where the fuck have you been? Louisa was here, think she thought I was leading you astray, or something.

His nose starts to bleed again. He puta a tissue to it.

OSNARD (contíd)
Jesus. I see. Go on.

108 INT HARRY'S CAR NIGHT 108

HARRY is alone, driving fast, phone to his ear.

HARRY
...so we have to stop all this. you hear? Mickie knew nothing about it. I made it up.

OSNARD (OS)
Bit late for that, old boy. Out of our hands, I'm afraid. A case of Life imitating Art.

109 INT OSNARD'S FLAT NIGHT 109

OSNARD puts the phone down, and dials again.

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED: 109

OSNARD (contíd)
(into phone, in Spanish)
Mr Luxmore. Just checked in.

There is a grunt as LUXMORE picks up at the other end.

OSNARD
Bit of a set back, sir. It's Mickie Abraxus. Bullet through the head. They're calling it suicide.

110 INT HOTEL ROOM NIGHT. 110

LUXMORE is in his underwear, sipping a whisky miniature from the minibar,

LUXMORE
What? Set back? Set back? On the contrary. They'll probably claim he killed himself in police custody. Standard euphemism for assassination in regimes of this ilk. Nobody's going to swallow that one. Leader of the democratic rebel movement murdered. This could be the very peg we need. I'll inform our American cousins.

111 EXT BRITISH EMBASSY NIGHT. 111

HARRY'S four-track screams to a halt at the Embassy gates. He leaps out and leans on the bell. The lights are burning inside. The night GUARD comes to the gate and HARRY shouts at him in Spanish, demanding entry.

112 INT PENTAGON NIGHT 112

The same PERSONNEL, minus LUXMORE are hastily assembling at the table. ELLIOT is in sombre mood. He speaks quietly.

ELLIOT
Mickie Abraxus died three hours ago, executed by a Government death squad. I have informed the President. He has authorised us to go on in. We have that right under the Treaty if the Canal is threatened. Operation Straight Arrow is all yours General. How soon can you be operational?

DUSENBAKER
Give me four hours, sir.

ELLIOT
That fast?

DUSENBAKER.
My rapid response units are on full alert, Sir. The Carrier Alaska is off the coast of Panama. Twelve F14 bombers. Eight gun ships. A battalion of Marines.

ELLIOT
Make it clean, General. None of that goddam colateral damage.

They get to their feet, ready to go about their urgent business. Everyone is talking at once. DUSEBBAKER raises his hand, calling them to order.

DUSENBAKER
Gentleman! Speed may be of the essence but we should spare a moment to dedicate our mission to the Almighty. Let us pray.

They all stop awkwardly in their tracks and bow their heads.

INT BRITISH EMBASSY NIGHT

MALTBY, STORMONT and FRANCESCA have emerged from the ambassador's office to meet the distraught HARRY. The GUARD hovers behind him.

HARRY
...I made it all up, I tell you. You have to stop it. I'm Buchan. Buchan.

MALTBY
Buchan? Aren't you the tailor fellow? I'm afraid you're rather upset.
(he turns to Stormant)
Nigel, will you show the gentleman out.

HARRY
There is no Silent Opposition!

STORMANT takes his arm. He shakes free. The GUARD puts him in an arm lock.

FRANCESCA
Shouldn't we...

MALTBY silences her with a warning hand.

112 CONTINUED: 112

MALTBY
...You're a diplomat, my dear. Be diplomatic. Can't interfere at this stage. Wouldn't reflect well at all. What could we say? Some deranged tailor Johnny told us it was all a joke?

HARRY is shouting and struggling as he is hustled to the door.

113 INT HARRY'S HOUSE NIGHT 113

HARRY sits confronted with all the evidence of his crimes spread out on the table where LOUISA left them. He looks dangerous. His eyes are blazing, but distant. He doesn't look at her. She has never seen him like this. Even his accent has slipped back a notch towards the cockney. And he is disheveled. That's also a first.

LOUISA
Why, Harry? Why would you do something like this?

HARRY
I don't know. It was a game. Tell a story, flesh it out a bit. Like tailoring.

LOUISA
And behind my back. These lies about Delgado.

HARRY
Not the only lies.

He turns his eyes to hers. He cracks. He's a broken dam, the truth comes flooding out of him.

HARRY (contid)
I never worked in Saville Row, Lou. I learnt tailoring in prison.

LOUISA
What?

HARRY
I burnt down my Uncle Benny's warehouse for the insurance, and when I got out of prison he gave me the money to come here. There was no Arthur Braithwaite. I'm a living lie.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED: 113

LOUISA can scarcely get a breath. She stares at him in disbelief and dismay.

LOUISA
What are you saying? I don't want to hear this. It's not true. You're sick, Harry. You don't know what you're saying.

HARRY
I wasn't anybody. How could I be. Never knew my dad. Mum was on the game. Uncle Benny was in and out of the nick. You do time, you come out, you need a new suit of clothes, an identity, you make one up. You make things up and you start to find you have a talent for it - telling people what they want to hear.

He looks at her in anguish. She is distraught.

HARRY (contíd)
And because of that I've ended up killing my best friend.

LOUISA
You didn't kill Mickie. Tell me you didn't.

HARRY
He killed himself, but it was my fault. I tailored into the leader of the opposition, they believed me, the secret police were after him, it was my fault, Lou...

LOUISA
Stop it. Stop it. I want to go back to how we were. Can't you pretend to be yourself again, Harry?

They both know there is no going back.

LOUISA
I'd better get out of your life.

She goes to him, reaches out to touch him, but can't.

SARAH comes down the stairs, rubbing her eyes.

SARAH
Why are you shouting?

(CONTINUED)

She goes to her father. He hesitates to hold her as though he has lost the right. He looks up to LOUISA for permission. She nods. He enfolds the child and she falls instantly asleep in his arms.

LOUISA
Why did you have to lie to me?

They are speaking in whispers now.

HARRY
You wouldn't have had me if you knew what I was.

LOUISA
It's you I fell in love with. You. Not what you were, or weren't. It wouldn't have made any difference. Love doesn't care about...
(she is too exasperated to go on)
...Oh, you're such a fool, Harry.

SARAH stirs in HARRY'S arms, half awake.

SARAH
He's not fibbing, mom. You know Dad. He's always kidding, just kidding...

HARRY carries her up to her bedroom and tucks her in. He kisses her.

SARAH (contid)
(drowsily)
Tell me a story.

HARRY
No more stories. Go to sleep, pumpkin.

LOUISA is standing at the door, watching. HARRY goes to her. He lurches into her arms. They cling to each other.

HARRY (contid)
Could you..?

She breaks away from him. He follows her back into their bedroom. When she looks back at him there are tears in her eyes.

LOUISA
I don't know, Harry. I don't know what I feel. I thought I knew you.
(MORE)

LOUISA (contid)
I suppose you can never know another person. Isn't that sad? And lonely.

He straighten up, weary, spent.

HARRY
Got to go. Got to stop this if I can.

LOUISA
Harry, let things take their course. It may not be as bad as you think.

HARRY
No. I must. I must.

He backs away to the door and is gone.

114 EXT OSNARD'S APARTMENT NIGHT. 114

HARRY's four-track swings into the street, skidding on the wet concrete. Through the windshield, HARRY sees OSNARD leaving the apartment building. He is carrying LUXMORE's two money pouches and a suit-bag hung over his shoulder.

HARRY pulls up as OSNARD climbs into his vehicle. HARRY leaps out of his car.

HARRY
Andy! Wait.

OSNARD glances at him, seems to look right through him, and pulls away fast, tyres screaming.

HARRY jumps back into his four-track and gives chase. OSNARD is driving fast. HARRY clenches his teeth and jams his foot down. A black Mercedes parked by the building pulls out behind HARRY.

OSNARD swings out of the side street on to the main highway. The signs indicate the airport. HARRY corners too fast and he skids into a parked truck, bounces off it and races after OSNARD who is getting further away. HARRY looks in his rear mirror. The Mercedes is still on his tail.

A police barrier looms up ahead of OSNARD. He brakes hard. There are four cars ahead of him waiting to be checked through. Through his mirror he can see HARRY bearing down on him. Next to the road is a six feet high field of sugar cane.

OSNARD swings into it. He cuts a swathe straight in for a few yards then turns left so that he is driving parallel to the road but hidden from it by ten feet of cane.

HARRY just sees OSNARD's tail disappear into the cane as he reaches the road block. He follow, using the gulley cut by OSNARD and quickly gaining on him. His wheels spin on the soft soil. He engages four-wheel drive and pushes on.

OSNARD grinds to a halt, his wheels sinking into the earth as the whippy sugar cane resists his progress. HARRY pulls up behind him.

OSNARD leaps out of his car. HARRY gets out of his.

OSNARD
What the fuck do you want?

HARRY
I want you to come back to the Embassy with me. Tell them it's all a mistake.

OSNARD
Harry, I've got our money here. Yours and mine. I'm trying to get out of here before they close the airport. I'm going straight to Switzerland, open numbered accounts for both of us. You're a rich man, Harry. Just give me lift.

He drags his bags out of his car and hobbles towards HARRY.

HARRY
No. We're going back.

OSNARD drops the bag in his right hand and pulls out a gun.

OSNARD
Then get out of my way.

HARRY does not move. OSNARD covers him with the gun and drags the bags one by one into Harry's four-track.

A helicopter gun ship suddenly roars over their heads. Its searchlight cuts across them, bleaching them out.

Then another and another. OSNARD looks up.

OSNARD (contíd)
Shit! Too fucking late.

The down draft of the rotor blades whips the sugar cane in all directions. It flaps against the cars and lashes across OSNARD's face.

The roar of the engines drowns out the sound of the shot that HARRY fires from MICKIE's gun. OSNARD looks startled.

(CONTINUED)

OSNARD (contd)
What you do that for? Stupid cunt.

HARRY
I knew you weren't a gentleman.

He crumples to the ground. HARRY climbs up on to the roof of his four-track. He can see the airport, less the a mile away. Several helicopter gun ships are landing there. HARRY's face is blank, defeated. At the end of the track, the Mercedes hovers.

115 EXT VILLA MISERIA NIGHT. 115

Gun ships swoop across the night sky. .

HARRY drives up to the club building in his battered four-track. He pulls out the money bags and walks with deliberation towards the door of the club building. The black Mercedes glides to a stop a short distance from the club. Another car pulls in next to it. HARRY is caught in their headlamps.

TEDDY'S VOICE
Drop the bags, Harry.

HARRY stops. He is five yards from the door. In the shadows he can make out the TWO GUARDS on the door. He nods to them and they nod back. They melt into the darkness.

HARRY turns to face TEDDY who moves towards him flanked by his TWO HEAVIES, one of whom is the CHINESE who brandishes an Uzi. Behind them, the driver of the first car gets out. He has a hand gun. He backs towards TEDDY, covering his rear. In the shadows we may just glimpse figures moving silently amongst the ruined walls.

TEDDY
We've tracked you all the way, Harry. For weeks. You had a chance to be friendly. Too late now.

The CHINESE advances on HARRY who still holds the bags.

TEDDY
Hand them over nicely.

A blinding flash as a bomb drops nearby. In that moment of illumination, we see that TEDDY and his cohorts are surrounded by a ring of MEN, the men we saw earlier in the Villa. Some of them have weapons, a shotgun, an old rifle, baseball bats.

115 CONTINUED: 115

HARRY hurls one of the bags at the CHINESE'S Uzi. Two of the MEN leap out of the darkness. They sieze the CHINESE and overpower him. The other MEN close in slowly on TEDDY and his thugs.

TEDDY
(in Spanish)
Back off. Back off and nobody gets hurt.

The MEN surge forward from all sides and TEDDY and his bodyguards sink under the blows raining in on all sides.

PABLO SILVA appears at HARRY'S side. They watch the beating.

PABLO
(in Spanish)
This time we'll get rid of all of them.

HARRY drops the bags at PABLO'S feet.

HARRY
(in Spanish)
There's money there. Do what you can with it.

HARRY goes into the building.

116 INT CLUB BUILDING NIGHT. 116

A crowd of WOMEN and CHILDREN are huddled on the floor at one end of the building as he enters. There are more men and a cache of weapons leaning against a wall. He searches the faces, looking for MARTA.

And there she is, tending some children. She turns towards him. Their eyes meet across the fearful huddled people.

A flash. An explosion close by. Screams from the women and children. The men start drifting back in. MARTA comes to him. HARRY is so racked with guilt that MARTA allows herself a rueful smile.

MARTA
We never gave up, Harry. Mickie did, but we didn't.

HARRY
You mean, there is an opposition?

MARTA
Such as it is.

One of the men brings in the money bags and dumps them down. PABLO opens them up and stares in awe at the stacks of dollars.

PABLO
Where's it from?

HARRY
(an ironic smile)
It's from the American Government. And it's for you

INT HARRY'S HOUSE MORNING

HARRY, his cream linen suit dirty and crumpled, enters his house wearily. He walks towards the kitchen where LOUISA, SARAH and MARK are huddled round a radio.

He stops at the door, a forlorn figure, unsure if he is to be allowed in. LOUISA looks up, sees him, then turns her attention back to the radio.

LOUISA
(matter of fact)
They've secured the canal. The president has resigned. The Amaerican are saying they'll hold elections as soon as calm is restored.

HARRY still hovers in the doorway.

HARRY
What do you want me to do?

LOUISA looks him over, shakes her head at the state he is in. The children watch anxiously, aware that this is a crucial moment between their parents.

LOUISA
What do I want you to do? What you always do. Make breakfast.

HARRY moves cautiously into the kitchen, still unsure. SARAH hugs him. MARK tosses him the apron. HARRY'S hands are shaking. He places them on the table to steady them. LOUISA reach her hand across and covers his.

FADE OUT.